ecial Symposium:

THE PROBLEM OF DIVINATION

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By Prem Nath

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LSO IN THIS ISSUE: MARY ROBERTS RHINEHART'S TRUE MYSTERY ORY, by Alice V. Hancock; "A LITTLE VOICE" VERSUS COMMON SENSE, Rosalind Heywood; SHELLEY'S PREMONITIONS, by Pauline Saltzman; IE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRE, by S. Ralph Harlow; MESSAGES FROM TWO CEANFLIERS, by Nandor Fodor; PICTURES IN THE MIND, by Elizabeth ncaster; HIS OWN OBITUARY, by Jean Burden; THE PAASIKIVI APPARI-ON, by Jarl Fahler; AFRICA'S UNSEEN WORLD, by Wilfrid D. Hambly.

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VOL. 7, NO. 3, SUMMER 1959

EDITORIAL:

THE DIVINERS

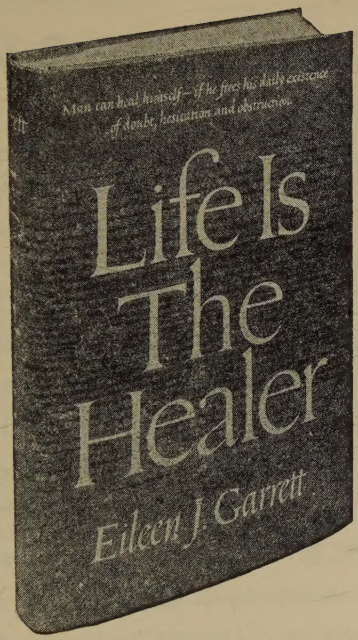
THE living world around us is charged with stuff of mind. The visible world is no more than the objective illustration of our mirrored conceptions of thought, for the mind is in the nature of a reflector, which shows us as much of the creative process of our world as we are able to accept, yet the response of each individual mind to the many stimuli through which we float, remains uniquely his own. So many are committed to the world of loves and fears, with guilt and remorse, that the little span is over for most, leaving the way ahead still dark and unsure. Along the way, however, are those who still seek to by-pass modern culture and find an instinctive path toward what we often call—for want of a better world—reality. These we call the diviners.

Divination, the process of obtaining knowledge of secret or future happenings, has many processes. Oracles have abounded since the beginning of man's appearence on this planet, who, by means of signs and omens, have sought to chart a course for their fellows by keeping in contact with the secret or divine source of power. The very nature of divination, therefore, can easily attract those whose needs can best be served through the dependence on others.

DIVINATION has been practiced in all grades of culture. Its methods are many, all conditioned by the change of consciousness of the soothsayer who may use internal methods, sensory, automatic or mental impressions for results.

I have seen primitive peoples depend on shells for the inner voice, while the dowsing rod is the best known example of the mysterious. It has been used through ages for water and mineral dowsing, even in this modern moment of time. The countryman still turns to the forked apple or hazel wood to find the source of his need. There are numerous ways to divine: an ordinary sieve suspended has been known to give indications by turning, while a suspended ring is used from Europe in the West, to China and Japan in the East.

Continued on Back Cover



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CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

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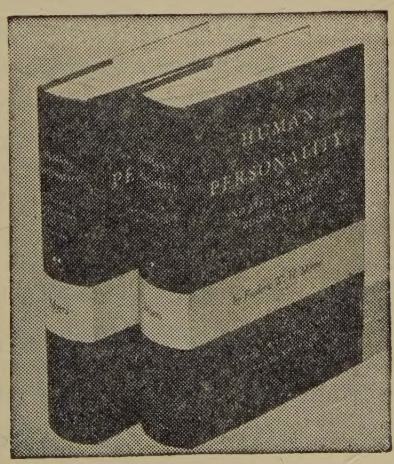

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ere the rushing winds, mysterious knocks, and scratches the floor caused by the spirit of the departed Senator?

IARY ROBERTS
RINEHART'S
TRUE MYSTERY STORY

Alice V. Hancock

T began on their first night in the new apartment in Washgton, D. C.; Mary Roberts nehart—world-famous novelist, aywright and war correspondt—and her husband had just rned out their reading lights, d were ready to go to sleep er a very busy day. Suddenly ey were conscious of something shing through their bedroom. seemed to Mrs. Rinehart as a large dark curtain had been awn quickly across the room. Dr. Rinehart shouted, "What the world was that?" and turned on the light again. There was nothing in the room that could possibly have made such a disturbance. There was no wind, and the heavy drapes were held flat to the wall by tight bands. They could see no objects capable of producing such an effect.

The experience was short, but bewildering, and it was only the first of a series of strange phenomena that occurred in the apartment during the first months after they moved there. It was a large and beautiful place, but

even before moving in, the Rineharts had heard queer tales about it from the maids and bell boys. They said that the famous Senator who had died there a short time before was supposed to be haunting the place.

The Rineharts were practical people who did not believe in ghosts, so they turned out the light and went to sleep, leaving until morning the explanation of their strange experience. But the next morning still stranger things happened.

Experiences of a Writer

MARY Roberts Rinehart was one of America's most successful and popular writers for over fifty years. She was the friend of kings and queens, generals and Presidents. Her recent death at the age of eighty-two brings back memories of her long and colorful life, and of these strange experiences that she carefully recorded but could not understand. A nurse, doctor's wife, mother, war correspondent, author of short stories, novels, magazine serials, articles, plays and an autobiography—she lived an exciting and eventful life.

Her sixty books sold more than eleven million copies, and at one time there were four hit plays on Broadway, two written by her, and the two others based on her books. Probably her best known book is *The Circular Staircase,* later made into the humorous mystery play *The Bat.* Others were *The Man in Lower Ten, The Wall, The Amazing Interlude, The Red Lamp, K, The Swimming Pool* and a long series of "Tish Stories" that ran as serials in *The Saturday Evening Post.* She was already a wealthy and successful author when the family moved from their home near Pittsburgh to the apartment in Washington, and had the strange experience the first night they were there.

Early Breakfast

THE Rineharts were still asleep the next morning when there was a knock on their bedroom door. It was Marie, their dependable middle-aged maid who entered the room with coffee on a tray. Mrs. Rinehart stared at her in surprise, looked at the clock, and said:

"But Marie, its only seven. Why did you bring my coffee so early?"

Marie answered that she had heard the two short rings of Mr.

Rinehart's signal bell that always meant she was ready for her morning coffee. Surprised, Mrs. Rinehart assured the maid that she had not rung the bell—in fact, had been sound asleep at the time Marie had heard it.

An electrician was called in who checked for short circuits and other possible causes, but no reason for the mysterious rings could be found. This odd bell-ringing occurred many times —often when Mrs. Rinehart knew positively that no one was in the bedroom from which the signal came. Marie also said that on some mornings she found her alarm clock in the middle of her bedroom floor, and that she couldn't keep the door locked at night.

There were unexplained noises too in the apartment—the sound of objects falling when investigation showed that nothing was out of place. Mrs. Rinehart was a brave woman, but these things upset her, and she couldn't sleep well.

She began to keep a bright light burning in the small corridor outside her bedroom. Her dressing room had two doors, one opening on this corridor and the other around the corner on the lighted hall. Both doors were closed late one night when Mrs. Rinehart turned off her bed light, and lay facing the lighted corridor. Suddenly she heard loud knocking on the other side of the door nearest her. She thought it might be her son who had gone to a party, and called "Come in."

The Door Opened . . .

THE knocking was repeated, louder than before. Again she called, "Come in!"

Slowly the door she was watching swung open. No one appeared, and the dressing room beyond was quite dark.

She jumped up, dashed into the lighted corridor, then into the hall, and quickly reached into the dressing room to turn on the light. If someone were playing a trick on her, she would certainly catch the culprit. No one was there, and all windows and doors were fastened. There was no possible way that a human being could have done the knocking and pushing, and then escaped.

Two different times small animals were found in the apartment—once a bird, and another time, a bat. Every window was

closely screened, and every door always locked. There was no chimney.

Once the Rinehart dog, a small bull terrier named Keno, started to walk into a dark and empty bedroom, then suddenly wheeled and crawled back, crouching close to the floor and looking completely terrified. At other times, too, the little dog seemed to be aware of an invisible intruder. He would jump on Mrs. Rinehart's lap, and lie quivering with the hair on his neck erect. Then he would begin to bristle and growl, staring into empty corners. This abject fear on the part of her pet made Mrs. Rinehart realize that here was a mystery that, with all of her experience in writing mystery stories, she could not understand.

Her father's two sisters came for an overnight visit. In the night one heard a tapping at the head of her sister's bed, and turned on the light. Her sister was fast asleep, her hands by her side. The tapping started again, and she woke her sister. Now both heard the sound of typing in the study. They threw open the study door. It was dark and empty.

Scratches on the Floor

ONE of the Rinehart sons who lived elsewhere had not been told about these strange disturbances. He stayed one night, and early the next morning called to his mother to come and look at some deep scratches around a heavy leather chair that was on a freshly painted floor outside his bedroom door. He told her that he had wakened in the night feeling very cold, and with a strange sense of terror. Then he heard sounds as if a heavy piece of furniture was moving. For an hour it creaked and scratched, and in the morning he had found a scratched place six inches wide on the floor. No one could explain it.

Mrs. Rinehart had put plants around one of the porches—among them a very large pandanus on a high shelf. One day the family returned from a drive to find the pandanus without its pot standing upright on the living room floor thirty feet from its usual place on the porch.

Up to this time they had told no one outside the family, but one night at a dinner party Mrs. Rinehart decided to tell about her strange visitor. The next day the newspapers printed the story,

lding that many people be-eved that the Senator who had ormerly lived in the apartment as haunting it and also his old ffice.

Unwilling to believe such a ning, Mrs. Rinehart conceded at it might be the phenomenon nown as a poltergeist, or "noisy pirit." Whatever it was, the trange but harmless events were ever explained. Later Mrs. Rinehart wondered if they could ave been warnings of some ind, for suddenly her mother lied under circumstances that he author called incredible.

End of the Disturbances

FOURTEEN years before her tragic death, Mrs. Rinehart's nother had a stroke that left her lmost completely helpless, and vithout a voice. During that ong period she had always been elped into her bathtub. Never nce had she tried to get in lone, and to all the family, it eemed impossible that she could nove her paralyzed limbs enough o do it. But one night when Mrs. Rinehart was out of the ity, Marie turned on the hot vater as usual and then was alled away. When she returned few minutes later, the mother was in the scalding tub, and died of her injuries. After that there were no more disturbances in the apartment.

Mrs. Rinehart's husband died in 1912. He had been interested in the possibility of communication after death, and for several years the Rineharts had investigated psychic phenomena and read widely on the subject. The last book he read was *The Human Personality and Its Survival of Bodily Death*, by Frederick W. H. Myers. Although Mrs. Rinehart was at first reluctant, they decided to try to communicate after one of them was gone.

Soon after her husband's death, Mrs. Rinehart made the attempt with a medium from a western city who was a stranger to her. She took all the usual precautions against fraud, even holding the medium's hands and knees.

Almost immediately she felt a hand press the top of her left hand and move along until it had touched her wedding-ring. As a test, Mrs. Rinehart had pinned a caduceus from her husband's old uniform inside her dress.

No one knew what it was, or where it was hidden, except her-

self. The medium was not in a trance, and when told about the hand she suggested that Mrs. Rinehart assume that her husband's spirit was present, and ask a question.

A Fresh Rosebud

ALTHOUGH skeptical, Mrs. Rinehart agreed, and asked what she had brought that had once belonged to him. Suddenly she was amazed to feel the hand clutch and shake the caduceus. The medium could not have reached it even if she were free, and Mrs. Rinehart was still holding her hands and knees. The hand left, but soon returned and put something beside the caduceus. Pulling it out, Mrs. Rinehart discovered that it was a fresh rosebud. She tried for years to find some explanation that her scientific mind could accept, but admitted that she never succeeded. But the rosebud was real, and she kept it for a long time.

Dr. J. B. Rhine of Duke University was interested in her psychic experiences and visited her. She admitted to him that she could believe in poltergeists, but was unable to accept the return of the dead.

The experience that came nearest to changing this stubborn skepticism happened during a visit from a well-known medium. It was a social call at the sunny Rinehart apartment in New York with constant traffic passing below the window. The three Rinehart sons had come to greet their mother's guest, and the conversation naturally turned to psychic phenomena.

Dr. Rinehart's Voice

SUDDENLY the medium put down her teacup and said she might try for what she could get. She lay back in her chair with eyes closed. After some preliminaries something happened that electrified the Rineharts. They stared unbelievingly as they heard Dr. Rinehart's voice coming from the medium's lips. His well-known manner of speaking, with an occasional chuckle, was noted by all of his sons and their mother.

Then the voice told something that Mrs. Rinehart admitted was unknown to anyone except herself and her dead husband. The voice, sounding exactly like the well-remembered voice of her husband, and referring to his death, said,

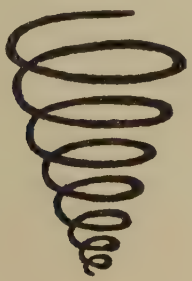
"I did not realize what had ppened to me until you came that night, and sat down on e side of the bed, and took y hand." Mrs. Rinehart never ed to communicate with him ain.

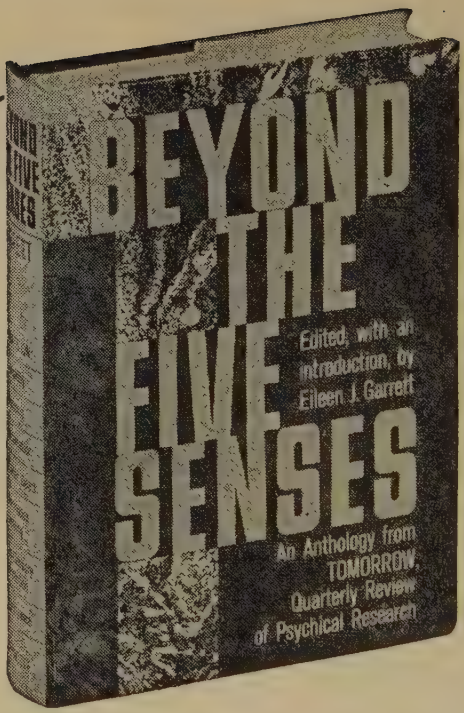
This beautiful and talented oman received the Pershing edal from the United States vernment, and a medal from e Belgian government for her urageous work as a war cor-spondent. She also received a edal for her bravery in letting *ne Ladies' Home Journal* pub-h an article about her success-l battle against cancer at a ne when this disease was not enly discussed.

Repeated heart attacks also ndered her work, but she con-nued to write, and in 1948 ished the story of her life with its happiness and tragedy.

Perhaps of all her brave acts one of the bravest was her willingness to reveal the strange and unexplained happenings here recorded. For she lived in an age of skepticism about anything deemed supernatural. She was world-famous—subject to public criticism and ridicule—and her courage is shown by her refusal to suppress anything that she knew to be true. With the detailed authority of a sincere reporter she recorded her psychic experiences while admitting that she did not understand them. She considered them real mysteries as long as she lived.

Perhaps since her death in September, 1958, they are no longer mysteries. Perhaps now Mary Roberts Rinehart knows the answers.





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"A LITTLE VOICE" VERSUS COMMON SENSE

Rosalind Heywood

WHEN our sons were very young, my husband and I went through a period of rebellion against traditional forms of education, and this drove us to investigate a number of "progressive" schools. The result was that by the time our elder boy, John, was reaching school age, we had become convinced that, after all, the good orthodox schools provided the best type of education.

There was a large school not far from our house which was well known for the quality of its teaching and for which competition was so intense that parents normally entered their children for it as soon as they were born. The thousand-odd boys who attended it lived in groups of about 45 in separate houses, and the choice of a good house—in other words, of one in charge of a man we admired and respected—seemed to us as important as the choice of the school itself. There seemed little chance that at the last moment we should get what we wanted, but we did not lose hope as a friendly official said that occasionally a boy fell out, and if such a chance vacancy did occur he would let us know at once.

A few weeks later—it was about a year before World War II and my husband had just gone to Af-

rica on business—an urgent letter arrived from the school. A quite unexpected vacancy had occurred in an excellent house and if I applied immediately I might get it. Delighted, I was about to accept, when a "little voice" at the back of my mind said that I must not do so. Common sense was annoyed and pointed out that John was most unlikely to get another such opportunity.

But the "voice"—which was not really a voice at all—would not be drowned. Before accepting, it insisted, I must write and ask the advice of a distinguished man who lived abroad, and whom I had known slightly in my youth and only met fleetingly twice since. I knew that his sons were at this school, but I did not know at which house, and I had other, far closer, friends who were in England, not abroad, and who had children at the school.

Common sense was furious, but the "voice" won. I wrote. The answer was that the vacancy had occurred because this man's son had been removed from that house, for reasons which made me feel that John would not be happy there. This may have been chance coincidence, but nobody else in the world could have given me that information and there was no exterior reason why I should not have accepted the offer at once. In the end, by a remarkable stroke of good fortune, we were able to send John to another excellent house.

Degrees of Sensitivity

ABOUT a year later the "voice" once again clashed with common sense on another serious matter which also involved John. But, before going on, I ought to say that I am not recording these incidents from the point of view of an investigator but from that of a sensitive, though one on the nursery level. There are as many degrees of psychic sensitivity as there are of musicianship, from the infant piping nursery rhymes to Maria Callas singing Verdi. My own, even if genuine, does not rise from the subliminal "receiving layer" in the form of externalized visual and auditory images, as is the case with the great sensitives, but consists of faint and undramatic impressions, which, for want of a better word, I describe as a "voice," and which

y conscious mind does its best ignore.

These faint impressions at the ck of the mind can cause con-derable strain when they con-ct too sharply with common nse. After all, one says to one-lf, the mentally sick hear oices"! And imagination can eate them only too easily, once e idea has been sown. How en can one know when such an parent subliminal suggestion better obeyed or ignored? here are times when a good al depends upon how this estion is answered. Here is e such case in which my son hn was again involved. Not ng after he had gone to school s housemaster telephoned that appeared to have a sharp at-ck of appendicitis and the hool doctor advised an imme-ate operation. But the "voice" id, "No, the trouble is not ap-ndicitis. And he must not be erated upon. Go to the school d measure his legs."

I was very distressed about the ild. My common sense was in-gnant at this absurd instruc-n. Nevertheless, I did not give mediate consent to the oper-ion but hastened to the school. e boy was feverish and in pain and I nearly gave in. But still, I thought, there is no harm in measuring his legs first. One was about an inch longer than the other.

"Have you been jumping about?" I asked.

"Well, I did find a new way to go downstairs."

The new way, it appeared, was to take a flying leap, hanging onto the banisters with both hands, and land with a thud, always on the same foot. He was a slender, loosely built boy. I thought I had better go on with my probe. "What did you have for dinner yesterday?" I asked.

"Sausages."

I did not like that, either. It was hot weather. The sausages might have been contaminated. Miserably, I decided to follow the "voice," sent for an ambulance, and under the profoundly disapproving eyes of housemaster and doctor—they said I was taking a very serious risk—I rushed the child, his temperature soaring, to London.

By the time we got there he seemed so ill that I was very frightened and I knew that orthodoxy could not help me. I would once more be told to consent to an immediate operation. So I

went to an excellent sensitive whom I happened to know, Miss Phoebe Payne, and she agreed with my "hunch." On this I hurried the child to our osteopath, who said his back was twisted badly enough to impede the normal elimination of food. He put it straight and a colonic irrigation was given. Subsequent analysis supported my fear that John had eaten contaminated food. In fact it looked as if the "voice's" insistence that an operation would have been dangerous had been justified.

John was back at school, flourishing, in three days. I felt pretty shaky.

Spontaneous Invitation

A third case of "voice" vs. common sense, which altered the course of some lives, occurred during the last World War. My husband, who was by now, of course, in the Army, had been assigned to the Ministry of Information on special duty, so we took a little house in London. Shortly afterwards, as so often happens, he was transferred to another and distant post. When he left, the little "voice" told me to write to the late Mr. G. N. M. Tyrrell, a talented radio engineer who many years before had giv en up a promising career to de vote his life to psychical re search and who had done some outstanding experiments in tele pathy. I was, said the "voice," to ask if he, his wife and thei adopted daughter would care t come and live with me for a time.

At this common sense rebelled I knew Tyrrell but slightly. I had attended two or three of his lec tures, I had dined with his fam ily once and I had met him at a few committee meetings. The last I had heard of him was tha he had been bombed out of hi flat in London and had gone t live in a remote and safe countr place where he was peacefull writing a book. Why should invite an elderly couple, whom knew so little and who were i safety, back to the middle o London, where bombs were fre quent and rations difficult?

I held out against the "voice for a week and then I wrote. Th reply was immediate and enthu siastic. The Tyrrells' landlord ha just told them that he wanted hi house back and they must leav They had nowhere to go an Mr. Tyrrell had reached a stag in his book where he could ge

no further without constant access to the library of the Society for Psychical Research in London. But now that his own home had been destroyed he could not afford to return there. To live in our house would be a wonderful solution to the problem. He and his family stayed there with me for three years and during that time he completed a valuable book.

Deeply Puzzling Incidents

EVEN if they are not chance coincidences, occasional successes such as these are deeply puzzling to the undeveloped sensitive. As I said, he or she may have seen no dramatic visual image, heard no exterior voice. And if, on a number of occasions, events, both trivial and serious, have justified the inner whisper, then imagination begins to imitate it, and it is sometimes very hard, once the conscious mind is paying attention, to tell the difference between the two.

Indeed, in my case, so faint are the whispers, and so sporadic, that I have learned to prefer common sense unless, as in the cases I have quoted, they are entirely out of the blue and with an insistence that will not be denied, however hard the conscious mind may try to do so. On such occasions I have never known the whispers to be meaningless or mistaken.

The reluctance of the conscious mind to accept seemingly extra-sensory information seems more than negative, even though in the waking state it is, of course, always busy attending to the myriad messages transmitted by the known senses from the exterior world. Mrs. Verrall, one of the most successful of the automatists in the famous series of Cross Correspondence recorded by the Society for Psychical Research between 1902 and 1932, said that her mind would grasp eagerly at any normal, solid, familiar fact to account for an impression which rose from below the threshold.

Professor Gilbert Murray observed the same thing in an equally famous series of telepathy experiments in which he was the percipient. He said in his Presidential Address to the S.P.R. in 1952: "One question that arose, was the degree to which telepathy made use of real sights, sounds, smells and memories, to reach its goal. The gen-

eral conclusion was curious. It seemed that I, or my subconscious, showed some anxiety to explain away the telepathy by seizing some such excuse. It said it had guessed Savanarola making the women burn their precious possessions because it smelt a coal which had fallen out of the fire; that it had guessed Sir A. Zimmern riding on a beach in Greece, because it said it had heard a horse on the road—when the rest of the company heard no horse." (The guesses were both correct for the subjects chosen.)

From Primeval Past?

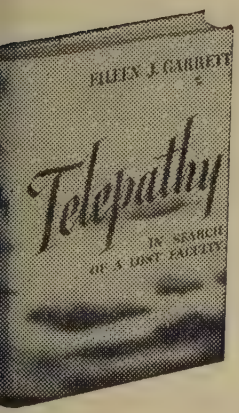
DR. Robert H. Thouless, Reader in Educational Psychology at Cambridge University, has put forward some interesting suggestions about the apparent hostility of the conscious mind to extra-sensory perception which he conveniently labels "psi." He said in his Presidential Address to the S.P.R. in 1942:

"Let us suppose that psi is the primitive way by which organisms oriented themselves to the outside world and that the evolution of the sense organs and of sensory perception was a later acquired means, of greater biological usefulness because more limited. Perhaps we may take a simple example of what is meant by saying that the more strict limitation in space and time of sensory perception makes it more biologically useful than the relatively unlimited psi function. Let us suppose that a deer had to rely on its psi function (clairvoyance) to make it aware of the danger from a tiger. If this psi function worked as it appears to in experiment, it would combine the advantage of giving warning before the tiger came within visual range, with the grave disadvantage of leaving the deer uncertain whether its indications referred to a tiger near by, or to one that was two hundred and fifty miles away, and of whether its danger referred to a tiger in the vicinity now, or to one that would be there tomorrow. The deer would be incomparably better off if he trusted to the strictly limited sense of vision and hearing, when it would be left peacefully feeding until a tiger was near enough for it to be necessary to do something about it."

Dr. Thouless also points out another reason why a biologically useful form of censorship against psi and in favor of sen

ory perception might have volved. Supposing, he says, that ve were all continually open to he thoughts of other people. Far rom extending our powers, it vould only bewilder and confuse s. That our knowledge of the houghts of our companions is estricted to what they choose to ay is doubtless a limitation, but is one which actually increases he efficiency of inter-communiation. If we had to choose between psi and sensory communication, we should unhesitatingly choose the latter.

Here is one of the most fascinating questions inspired by psi. Is it a fading residue from the primeval past, or is it, as Myers and others have believed, a precursor of greater awareness in the future? Only by constant experiment and constant exploration can we hope to find the answer.



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The philosophy of Yoga, although formulated 1500 years ago contains elements that go beyond present scientific thought

YOGA'S CHALLENGE TO MODERN PSYCHOLOGY

Prem Nath

ONE of the six systems of Indian philosophy, the *Yoga,* fathered by Patañjali, a philosopher who lived sometime between 300 and 500 A.D., is one of the richest contributions to world thought. The Yoga of Patañjali is in the form of *Sutras* — short statements or aphorisms — all of which may be included on from five to twelve printed pages. And yet, what a treasure of knowledge, what a sounding of the oceanic depths of the human mind, and what a scaling of heights is contained in its four short "books" or chapters!

Yoga is often considered to be odd mysticism or, at best, mere metaphysical acrobatics. But, in a similar manner to metaphysics and mysticism, it can also be treated as a distinctive science of human culture and knowledge. It is psychology, morals, physical culture and education, all rolled into one. The reader may wonder what such a hybrid philosophy could be like.

Like any other philosophy, Yoga has a metaphysical background. This is inherited from the *Samkhya,* another of the Indian systems of philosophy. To understand the principles of Yoga, it is necessary to have an acquaintance with the metaphysical and cosmological concepts

Samkhya. They may, therefore, be mentioned in brief.

First, there are two orders in the universe, that of the *Prakriti*, or Nature, and *Purusa*, or Soul. Nature does not exist in her own right but for the enjoyment of soul and its eventual liberation. Second, mind and body, like Nature, are material, being constituted of three *Gunas* or elements, namely, *Sattva*, *Rajas* and *Tamas*, which are always in motion. Third, there is a plurality of souls, one soul inhabiting one body. Souls are immortal. When a man dies, the soul leaves to inhabit another body—the doctrine of reincarnation. Hence there is a future life. And fourth, human beings are what they are due to the inexorable operation of the universal law of *Karma*, sometimes loosely translated as *fate*, whereby a person is bound to reap the consequences of his actions either in this life or in the next.

Training and Discipline

NOW the *Yogi* — a follower of this philosophy — believes, very rightly, that an average man, unless trained and disciplined, cannot understand the true reality of things. A school boy, for example, must sit through long hours of concentration and self-denial before he can obtain what we consider to be an elementary education. A scientist in the laboratory will have to forget about many of the comforts of life and apply full concentration to the problem at hand. In fact, for any worthwhile achievement in life, and in the realm of knowledge, a sustained concentration and disciplined moral character are essential. If that is true in the minor branches of knowledge, it should be even more true in the case of the supreme knowledge of self or soul.

Yoga maintains, therefore, that in order to gain proper self-knowledge and self-realization the impurities of both body and mind should be put away, which logically requires an elaborate course of discipline in physical, mental, moral and intellectual culture. The mind of the average man, by general agreement, is restless and rather difficult to control. There is a poignant truth in what Napoleon, the great general, said: "The only conquests which are permanent and leave no regrets are our conquests over ourselves."

But mastery over self cannot be established by only one part of our energies. It can only be achieved if all our energies and potentialities are joined to the task. This is the reason that such an elaborate and difficult discipline is laid down for initiation in Yoga. Let us first turn to physical culture as one of the steps on the ladder of yogic knowledge and self-realization.

So long as man is prey to the needs and desires of the body, he cannot utilize his energies to his best advantage. Even the minimum concentration needed for daily tasks hardly comes forth. So the body must be tamed for the higher purposes of life. Bodily lusts must be curbed gradually and intelligently. The first requisite, therefore, is for an extreme simplicity in the matter of eating and drinking.

Simplicity in this context means that, not only should the food be taken at proper times and in proper quantities, but it should also be *Sattvik*, or of a type that does not cause passion in body and mind. The vegetarian diet — avoiding all meat — is recommended on the supposition that it keeps the human temper in control. The influence that diet or chemicals will have on the human mind is being increasingly realized today due to recent scientific experiments. Specific types of diet and chemicals turn out different temperaments.

It is common knowledge that the secretions of different glands of the human body produce changes not only in the body but also in mental qualities. That the body has a way of influencing the mind and vice versa is a position common to medicine and psychology. Psychosomatics, a new branch of medicine and psychology, has already brought to the fore in a short time the incredible influences of body and mind upon each other.

Benefits of Breath Control

TO eliminate poisons from the body and to keep body and mind in good health, different methods are suggested by Yoga. Mention may be made of *Pranayama*, or breath control, which is of as many as nine types. The aim is twofold: first, to inhale as much fresh air as possible, and to hold the breath for as long as continuous practice helps to do, and second, to gain greater control of the powers of concentration.

The prophylactic value of deep breathing and breath control, both for body and mind, is realized by western physicians and psychologists. Tuberculosis, heart diseases, nervousness, abnormal blood pressure and a host of other ailments are being treated with the aid of exercises in deep breathing and breath control. Dr. Eustace Mils, an eminent physician, recommends the practicing of deep and full breathing at frequent intervals throughout the day.

"The breathing of the ordinary civilized person," he says, "is neither deep nor well." Such exercises relieve the tensions in the mind, improve concentration and lead to mental poise. Any agitated man has only to try this method to find how soon his anger melts. Dr. Francis Völgyesi in his book *A Message to the Neurotic World* (*London*, 1935) observes, "Pranayama is a necessary means to the attainment of bodily and mental equilibrium."

Similarly *Asanas*, or bodily postures, are recommended, as they have a remarkable effect on human health, they energize bodily and mental activities and are conducive to celibacy. For example, *Sirsasana*, or standing on the head, legs upward, has been found to be a specific for longevity and for overall equilibrium of the body and mind.

Wrong postures, on the other hand, cause "special curvatures and physical deformities and interfere with physical and mental efficiency throughout life, tending to lower the resistance to disease." To this observation of Dr. Fisher may be added his remark that "pains erroneously ascribed to rheumatism or sciatica are often due to faulty posture."

Moral Restraint Avoids Conflict

BY way of a preliminary moral culture, Yoga enjoins the neophytes to have full faith in themselves and in the efficacy of Yoga in the attainment of the spiritual knowledge, the knowledge *par excellence*. All attitudes and actions that cause damaging emotions are to be scrupulously avoided.

As a general rule, the path of moral restraint (*Yama*), and moral principle (*Niyama*), including perfect truth and non-injury in thought, word or deed are to be observed. This saves the Yogi from lots of enervating emotion; energies thus gained

can be directed to self-knowledge.

Patañjali was fully aware of what is known in modern psychology as individual or personality differences. Appreciating fully the differences in individual abilities and tendencies, he suggested different paths of development for different persons in keeping with their total personality make-up. Thus, in the latter Yogic philosophy and practice three well-marked approaches to Yoga emerge.

Jnanamarga, or the path of knowledge, is for those of high intellectual endowment, who are capable of distinguishing truth from non-truth, reality from illusion. But for those whose tendencies lie in the direction of *Bhakti,* or devotion, and *Karma,* or action, the methods of *Bhakti-marga* and *Karma-marga* are laid down, respectively. By devotion to God or any godly object the devotee can control his lower instincts and cultivate in himself the lofty qualities of the object of devotion. This helps him to forget his ego and gain contact with higher consciousness.

Similarly, a dedicated and detached thought process, to be observed in the midst of the greatest activity, encourages spiritual qualities. Says the *Gita,* "He who in the midst of the greatest activity finds the sweetest peace, and in the midst of the greatest calmness is most active, he has known the secret of life."

From preliminary mental culture to its pinnacle, the Yogi's consciousness goes through a long process of evolution before he reaps the fruits of his long-drawn-out practice. To begin with, he has to overcome the minor *Klesas,* or hindrances, which are responsible for his bondage in his cognitive, emotional and volitional life. Five in number, these are *Avidya* or ignorance, *Asmita* or egotism, *Raga* or attachment, *Dvesa* or aversion and *Abhinivesa* or love for life. But the source of all these troubles is ignorance. It is not without reason that the refrain of philosophy throughout history has been "Know thyself!"

Ignorance Leading to Neurosis

AVIDYA, or ignorance, causes many illusions, and weans us away from reality and from facing the situations of life squarely. Students of modern psychology know that the lack of proper knowledge of one's self

may lead to a distorted image of society. The two together eventually lead to neurosis. Therefore, the Yogi needs proper knowledge of himself and of spiritual reality.

According to the Yoga, the ultimate reality, to be sure, is *Purusa,* or soul, which alone is the witness of bodily and mental phenomena. As a matter of fact, nothing belongs to body and mind, for they are only the unconscious instruments for the enjoyment of the soul and its final liberation.

Asmita, or egotism, according to Yoga, is due to an unconscious compensation for the lack of proper knowledge, even as Alfred Adler, world-famous Viennese psychologist, maintains that the inflamed ego is mostly due to inferiority complex. At any rate, it is a great disintegrator of personality. It is necessary, therefore, to get over this very common human weakness.

Raga, or attachment to anything material or living, is known to be a great source of mental pain and conflict. The more we cling to a thing, the more we have a state of anxiety about it and feel proportionately grieved at its loss. Mentally feeble persons have been found by H. L. Hollingworth, a noted psychologist, to show more attachment than more thoughtful and disciplined persons.

Dvesa, or aversion, implying hostility to fellow beings, is one of the most damaging emotions. It saps human energies altogether. Karen Horney, a leading psychoanalyst and author of *Self Analysis* (New York, 1942), in her clinical observations has found that hostile reactions of various kinds are particularly to be found in neurotics.

Abhinivesa, or attachment to life, the will to live, causes undue anxieties and fear of death. Students of abnormal psychology are aware of a large number of patients who have developed all sorts of abnormalities due to their excessive attachment to life and consequent fear of death. No one can live gainfully unless one overcomes the fear of death.

Concentration and Intuition

WHEN mastery over the aforesaid afflictions has been achieved, the Yogi is ready for the higher steps of Yoga. He has to go through, one by one, three disciplines of *Dharana, Dhyana* and *Samadhi,*

backed by *Vairagya,* or dispassion, and *Abhyasa,* or practice.

Dharana, or concentration, means fixing the mind on some object to the exclusion of all others. It is recommended for a number of reasons. First, it helps stop the intellectual processes with all their false meanings and illusory associations and thus helps a person to see the "thing in itself." That is to say, it increases clarity of vision, for it is not caught up in intellectual analysis of little consequence. Walter B. Pillsbury, the celebrated author of *Attention* (London, 1908), remarks, "The function of analysis is not essential to the attention. 'Increase in clearness' is the only change which can certainly be affirmed to be the result of attention."

Second, it weeds out all the undesirable *Samskaras,* or impressions, and *Vritis,* or tendencies of the mind, and fills it with the qualities of the object of concentration. For mind has the capacities to empty itself of the old impressions and tendencies, including those of the previous incarnations, and to fill itself with new ones.

Such concentration is possible because the Yogi has already learned to control his bodily and mental movements to a great extent. That explains why Yogic concentration can last for a long time, despite the finding of modern psychologists that persons can attend to specific subjects for only a few seconds.

The *Prajna,* or intuition of things, is the fruit of this long-drawn-out concentration, when the mind becomes the object it contemplates, and the consciousness of "I" is absolutely obliterated. This is borne out by those psychologists — on the authority of psychologist Walter J. H. Sprot —who have taken exercises in contemplation and have subsequently affirmed that there is oneness with the objects contemplated and the vanishing of the ego. As a result of contemplation of *Cakras,* or centers of spiritual energy, in the body and on other mighty objects, a great many powers come to a Yogi. However, he must not be overwhelmed by them or misuse them, or he will fall from his spiritual heights.

Achievement of Nirvana

SAMADHI, or trance or communion, is the fruit of meditation. There is no fluctuation

of the mind at this stage, and the mind subsists in the form of the contemplated object alone. Each state of *Samadhi,* in the course of evolution, is a qualitative improvement over the first, till the Yogi reaches the height of purity of the mind where the element of *Sattva,* or passionlessness, masters the sensuous and infatuating elements of *Rajas* and *Tamas.* The element of sattva itself undergoes a process of purification up to the highest degree.

This experience has been labelled *Mokise, Mukti,* and *Nirvana* in a number of different philosophies and is said to be indescribable in words. Such a master of language as the poet Tennyson, who was given to occasional trances, confessed his inability to put the experience into words.

At this stage, when there is perfect knowledge of Reality and the purpose of the soul is served, Nature ceases to function. This does not imply that there is an end of Nature all over. It is only in regard to this one particular soul that Nature ceases to act. It still continues to work for those who have not yet attained the discriminative knowledge.

The Yoga philosophy carries with it some of the knowledge of modern psychology, up to a certain point. Both Yoga and modern psychology agree in broad outlines about the nature and exercise of the unconscious, of habits, tendencies and concentration.

But when Yoga enters the higher states of the mind and enjoins rigorous discipline for the attainment of the final knowledge, modern psychology shrinks back in despair. However, with the new studies in extra-sensory perception and other higher — or at any rate, newly discovered — states of the mind, who knows if the psychological sciences in the coming years will be marked by the study of, and investigation into, the supra-conscious along the patterns already followed by the teachings of Yoga, in the same way that the last few decades in scientific thought have been dominated by the concept of the unconscious?

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In a Darwin hospital, a young Australian native lay dying; why were the efforts of physicians insufficient to help him?

ABORIGINES WHO SING PEOPLE TO DEATH!

Nicholas Wainwright

THE Australian aboriginal tribes are considered to be the most primitive people on earth. In many respects they resemble Stone Age man as he roamed the land thousands of years ago. Yet, no matter how primitive their mode of life, limited intelligence or not, they have distinct tribal laws and taboos. Each eligible female, for instance, must marry the man chosen for her by the chief, or king, of the tribe. If she refuses, or marries someone else, the *kurdaitcha* or witch-doctor, will lose little time in "singing her to death."

This curse is put into effect in the following manner. The kurdaitcha chants daily before a piece of magic bone, intoning the words: "May your blood turn to stone. May your bones become rotten and crumble." They keep this up for at least a month. The person at whom the bone has been pointed, we are told, soon starts to sicken and eventually dies. No medicine on earth can save her.

Psychological Effects

MANY cases of this sort have been reported in Australia during the past thirty years. According to Professor A. P. Elkin, Professor of Anthropology, Sydney University, and authority on aboriginal customs, there is usu-

ly nothing at all wrong with e victims, and although doctors ight be able to combat the nysical symptoms of the sick- ess, they are powerless to fight ie psychological effect of the irse. In his opinion the only ire is for their medicine man convince them that the curse as been lifted. In other words, is a case of mind over matter.

A recent incident, reported in ie *Sydney Sun*, April, 1957, was iat of Charlie Lya Wulumu, a ineteen-year-old native, who as admitted to Darwin Hospi- l in a dying condition. He ave the doctors to understand iat one of his tribesmen had ung him to death." He had pparently been wandering in ie bush for four or five days fter the curse had been put on im. A creeping paralysis af- cted his arms, legs, chest and iroat during that period.

In order to help him breathe, e was placed in an iron lung, ut he showed little or no im- rovement. On hearing of his light, a well-known Sydney age hypnotist wired an offer relieve the psychologically in- uced paralysis, but the doctors ere not convinced that he could e of any assistance to them.

They were finally able to assure Wulumu that the curse had been lifted, and he immediately rallied. He was eventually discharged from the hospital, but rumor has it that it might not be long before the kurdaitcha of his tribe will set out to counter the white man's magic with a stronger curse, which will involve remaining in hiding for the entire period of the fresh "singing to death."

In order to make doubly sure that a spell will work, the medicine man will have no contact with any other human being. Nor will he wash himself. Every night he will sleep with the magic bone under his head until he dreams of his victim, whereupon he will immediately rise, seal each end of the bone with beeswax so that the soul of the latter is "imprisoned" inside the bone, and then cast it into a blazing fire. At the moment the bone is destroyed the doomed man is supposed to die, in horrible agony.

A Whole Family

ONE of these "evil-eye" murders concerned an entire native family in the far north of South Australia. Nita Smith, a

twenty-year-old native girl employed as a domestic at a sheep station in Anna Creek, flouted a kingly edict and married Andy Smith, an aboriginal shearer at the same station. Consequently the young couple, their ten-months-old baby, the bride's fourteen-year-old nephew Roy, and her parents were condemned to death by the kurdaitcha.

The baby was the first to die. It was found buried in some sand-hills not far from the sheep station and had seemingly died of suffocation. Roy, Mrs. Smith's nephew, was admitted into Port Augusta Hospital in a dying co dition. He had been found lyi on the ground unconscious, m far from a tribal meeting site

The police arrested the trib king and the kurdaitcha but t terrified young aboriginal wom refused to identify them as t men who "pointed the bone" her. She did, however, make secret of the fact that she w the next member of the fami fated to die. For, as Pr fessor Elkin states: "When a ma believes he has been sung death, nothing much can be do to help him."

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SHELLEY'S PREMONITIONS

Pauline Saltzman

FOUR young people stood on a terrace near San Terenzo n northern Italy, overlooking ne sun-mirrored Mediterranean, waiting a boat that had been uilt to their order at Genoa. t was the year 1822. Smiles of nticipation lighted their faces, et each hoped that the other hree did not suspect the terror urking behind the mask. Each as haunted by a premonition f doom, and somehow, each new that the boat was involved. hey were the great English po-, Percy Bysshe Shelley, his wife, lary, and their friends, Edward nd Jane Williams.

If Mary Shelley dreaded anything, it was this boat which her husband was awaiting as patiently as his poet's temperament permitted. He was still like an enthusiastic Eton boy in temperament, even though he would soon see his thirty-first year and his hair was already threaded with white. Even yet he looked like a lad, with his lithe, lean figure and the inevitable schoolboy jacket which he seemed perpetually to be outgrowing.

The boat struck terror to Mary's heart at the inception of the idea. They were staying at Pisa where they met Jane and

Edward Elliker Williams, the couple who were to become their closest friends. When the two men decided upon the joint project of having a boat constructed at Genoa, Mary wrote in her journal: "We then decided, laughing each to the other, 'our husbands decided without asking our consent, or having our concurrences; for, to tell you the truth, I hate this boat, though I say nothing.' Said Jane, 'So do I; but speaking would be useless, and only spoil their pleasure.'"

When Casa Magni was rented by the Shelleys and Williamses they were joined by Edward John Trelawny, the ubiquitous "Tre" who figures so prominently in all of the Shelley memoirs. The younger son of a Cornish army officer of excellent family, he lived entirely for adventure, and had been welcomed warmly into the little coterie now staying for the summer in the villa near a fishing village on the eastern side of the Bay of Spezia.

A Child from the Sea . . .

AS the two young couples scanned the sea, Williams also felt apprehension. Six days before—May 6th, 1822—he had written in his diary:

"After tea, walking with Shelley on the terrace and observing the effect of moonshine on the waters, he complained of being unusually nervous, and stopping short, he grasped me violently by the arm and stared steadfastly on the white surf that broke upon the beach under our feet. Observing him sensibly affected, I demanded of him if he were in pain. But he answered by saying, 'There it is again—there!' He recovered after some time, and declared that he saw, as plainly as he then saw me, a naked child rise from the sea and clap its hands as in joy, smiling at him." (Shelley told him the phantom child was Allegra, the dead daughter of their friend Lord Byron.)

And so the four young people looked out at the Mediterranean each harboring a secret fear they could not put into words. The two women were beset by pure feminine intuition; Shelley and Williams by the poet's strange experience.

Suddenly the watchers on Casa Magni's balcony sighted a graceful sail as it rounded the point of Porto Venere. It was the eagerly awaited, yet dreaded "Don Juan" (named for Byron

em), being transported to La ezia by a Mr. Heslop and two nglish seamen.

"She does indeed excite my rprise and admiration," Wil-ms enthused a few days later his journal. "Shelley and I alked to Lerici, and made a etch off the land to try her, d I find she fetches whatever e looks at. In short, we have w a perfect plaything for the mmer."

The "Don Juan" was twenty-ght feet long by eight feet de, and appeared nearly twice r size. The model had been tained from a Royal dockyard Williams, who had brought from England to Pisa. Tre-wny and the Genovese builder d both insisted that to follow e plans in every detail was t feasible. A craft of this type as eminently unsuited to Medi-rranean navigation. But Wil-ms had been obdurate, claim-g he'd shipped out to sea as a uth, and he knew what was ght.

om "Don Juan" to "Ariel"

THE boat, though minus a deck, was strongly built and rried ample sail for her size. harles Vivian, the eighteen-year-old sailor lad who had assisted in the "Don Juan's" transportation from Genoa to La Spezia, remained to assist the co-owners in her operation.

Shelley was a man possessed and obsessed by a boat. Even when bad weather prevented them from sailing, he and Williams would squat on the beach, outlining in the sand the actual dimensions of the "Don Juan." Or they would sit in an imaginary cabin, charting and planning cruises. At last Shelley owned the "winged bark" of his poetry, and the Mediterranean was beckoning like the shining, shimmering Lorelei that she was.

But without warning, the "Don Juan" suddenly became the "Ariel." Although they were the closest of friends, Shelley and Lord Byron were separated by staggering differences, the chief of which was Byron's heartless treatment of his illegitimate child, Allegra, whom he had permitted to sicken and die in a remote convent. His treatment, too, of Allegra's tragic mother, Claire Godwin (the daughter of Mary's stepmother by a former marriage), did not inspire affection or respect. And so the boat that originally had been named for

one of Byron's poems was rechristened "Ariel," a name indentified with Shelley's spiritual self.

On June 19th, good news arrived at Casa Magni. Leigh Hunt, the poet-journalist with whom Shelley and Byron were planning to publish *The Liberal*, a quarterly, had finally arrived at Genoa. He and his family were enjoying the best of health, the message read; in a few days they would pass Lerici on their way by sea to Leghorn. Shelley strained at the leash, eager to be off to meet his old friend. But Mary's sudden illness, induced by a miscarriage, made him postpone his trip. It was at this juncture that Mary learned how her husband, too, was plagued by a like fear as enigmatic as her own.

Shelley's Phantom Double

THE circumstance is fully described in her journal: "He told me that he had had many visions lately. He had seen the figure of himself, which met him as he walked on the terrace, and said to him, 'How long do you mean to be content?' . . . Shelley had often seen these figures when ill. But the strangest thing is that Mrs. Williams saw him. Now, Jane, though a woman of sensibility, has not much imagination, and is not in the slightest degree nervous, either in dream or otherwise.

"She was standing the day before I was taken ill at a window that looked on the terrace, with Trelawny. It was day. She saw, as she thought, Shelley pass by the window, as he often was then, without a coat or jacket. He passed again. Now, as he passed both times the same way and as from the side toward which he went each time there was no way to get back, except past the window again (except over a wall twenty feet from the ground), she was struck at seeing him pass twice thus, and looked out. And seeing him no more, she cried, 'Good God! Can Shelley have leaped from the wall? Where can he be gone?'

" 'Shelley?' said Trelawny. 'No, Shelley has not gone past. What do you mean?' Trelawny says that Jane trembled exceedingly when she heard this. And it proved, indeed, that Shelley had never been seen on the terrace, and was far off at the time she saw him.

Shelley himself was aware of the significance of this "self-seeing." He was not an avid read

f Goethe for nothing. The Ger-an poet had written at great ngth of the *Doppelgaenger*, or hantom double, the sighting of hich portends the self-seer's nminent death.

All his life Shelley was vitally terested in psychic phenomena, ven though he was a hard-eaded intellectual who had of-n been accused of atheism. As small boy at Field Place, he eopled the Suffolk ancestral tate with haunting entities of mean dimensions. An Eton hoolmate recalls: "He literally evoured books about ghosts and aunted castles. I was a de-ghted and willing listener to s marvelous stories of appari-ons and spirits and haunted round; and his speculations ere then (for his mind was far ore developed than mine) of e world beyond the grave."

he Fatal Trip

BY July 1st, the weather had become intensely hot and id. Mary, left in the capable nds of Claire, marveled at her sband's ostensible light heart-lness in the face of his experi-ces, as he and Williams set t for Leghorn where Hunt had oceeded for the business meeting with Byron. A breeze had sprung up from the sea at noon, cooling the air momentarily. The drought was at its height, and the churches were crowded with worshippers praying for desperately needed rain, while saints' relics were paraded in the sun-scorched streets.

The two men reached Leghorn safely. With Leigh Hunt, Shelley proceeded to Pisa where they were guests in Lord Byron's palace. But the meeting proved to be disappointing. Byron, influenced by friends, had decided to back out of publishing the quarterly. Shelley realized that, all things considered, it was time that this association terminate forever.

He and Hunt spent that afternoon sightseeing. On Monday, July 8th, Shelley and Williams sailed on the "Ariel" for Lerici at about three in the afternoon. Blackened, ragged clouds had come up from the southwest, darkening what had been a sun-dappled sea. The mate, who had warned them that they would encounter "too much breeze," now said that "the smoke on the water meant that the Devil was brewing mischief." Nevertheless, they continued their journey.

A great stillness descended now over the lead-colored water that had taken on a solid, painted look. Large drops of rain splashed like tears into the troubled, oily-scummed sea, and the fury of the tempest was unleashed.

The storm itself lasted about twenty minutes. A search party, headed by Captain Roberts, who had supervised the building of the "Don Juan" in Genoa, sought the craft, but it had disappeared. By this time it had made Via Reggia. Trelawny and the others waited in vain for some word, as did Mary Shelley and Jane Williams at Casa Magni.

For two tortured weeks, the young women haunted the terrace that embraced the villa's upper story, hoping against hope for a hint of the familiar sail.

Cremation by the Sea

AFTER fourteen days, the mutilated bodies of Shelley and Williams were found washed ashore and four miles apart. Three weeks later, the body of Charles Vivian, reduced to a skeleton, was found. In accordance with the Italian law, everything cast upon the shore had to be burned to prevent an outbreak of the plague. The cre mations of Williams and Shelley supervised by Lord Byron an Trelawny, were heartbreakin but Homeric. Shelley's ashe were urned and buried in th Protestant cemetery at Rom beside his little son, William.

To this day the death of Perc Bysshe Shelley remains shroude in mystery. Apart from the pre monitions and sightings of hi phantasm by himself and others there is also the entry in hi widow's journal. After his deat she was desperate for some wor from his spirit. As a young gir she had given up family an reputation to live with Shelle who was married to Harrie Westbrook. A levelheaded, high ly intellectual young woma Mary was not given to wild im aginings or hallucinations. Ye her entry, dated February 1823, reads:

"A storm has come across m a slight circumstance has di turbed the deceitful calm which I boasted. I thought heard my Shelley call me—n my Shelley in heaven—but n Shelley, my companion in m daily tasks. I was reading. heard a voice say, 'Mary!' 'It Shelley,' I thought."

Mary went to London where she made her home with her philosopher father in the Strand. Subsequently she moved to Harrow to be near her son at school there. She worked indefatigably with her pen to support her father and son as well as herself. Mary had several distinguished novels to her credit, including the classic *Frankenstein*, which she had evolved before her marriage. She was also responsible for all the Italian and Spanish biographies, except two, in Lardner's Encyclopaedia. She authored two widely read travel books, and edited her husband's poetical works, letters and prose.

The October Ghost

A STARTLING climax to the Shelley mystery occurred in 1952 when strange tales began making the rounds about Casa Magni, which was now occupied by Antonio Ratti, father-in-law of the French vice consul at La Spezia, and his wife, Ida. The Rattis corroborated the versions given by the townfolk, who insisted they saw Shelley's ghost on stormy nights.

On a similar night in October, 1951, Signor and Signora Ratti had been awakened by an unusual sound. It was about three o'clock in the morning. Ratti watched closely as their bedroom door opened slowly. In the moonbathed room he clearly saw a tall, white figure which walked to the foot of his bed, then raised its hand. When Signor Ratti called to his wife, the figure vanished.

Later, when interviewed by reporters, Signora Ratti was emphatic about having seen the same figure at the same hour just one year before. The versions told by the townfolk, however, varied slightly, since they had seen the ghostly figure on the terrace—the same balcony from which the Shelleys and Williamses had sought for a sight of the "Don Juan."

Shelley's ghost, if that is what it was, has not been seen since by the Antonio Rattis. But the rumors persist. At any rate, the Associated Press story, which was date-lined San Terenzo, Italy, March 16, 1952, says: "The story of the tall, thin ghost has gained credence here because of the quiet repute of the two who saw it."

Did Shelley's story end during the squall in July, 1822, or is it still unfinished because it is

known only to the restless figure which has been seen at Casa Magni by reputable witnesses?

There still persists a rumor, neither proved nor contradicted, that when the "Ariel" was found, the theory that she had capsized in the stormy sea had to be shelved. Judging from her condition, it was theorized that she must have collided, probably with a felucca, or fishing-smack. In fact, an old Italian seaman was said to have confessed upon his death bed that he had been a member of the crew of that boat. The collision, he said, had been intentional, since the men plotted to steal a sum of money supposedly on Byron's yacht, the "Bolovar," for which the "Ariel" had been mistaken.

Or, did Shelley himself prophesy the exact manner of his and his friend's death when he wrote:

"The billows on the beach are
leaping around it;
The bark is weak and frail;
The sea looks black, and the
clouds —that bound it
Darkly strew the gale."

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"Put a sheet of stationery in your typewriter," said a voice, just as the Judge used to put it when still among the living

DID I HEAR FROM THE BEYOND?

Harold Sherman

WHEN my book, *You Live After Death,* was published in 1949, Mrs. Sherman and I were living in the wilds of the beautiful Ozarks, ten miles from the nearest town of Mountain View, Arkansas, and three miles from the nearest neighbor. It was here that this book was written and where I conducted research and personal experiments in extrasensory perception.

As comparatively new residents of Arkansas at that time, we had made friends with Marge Lyons, the famous Chicago *Tribune* columnist, author of the Sunday feature, "Marge of Sunrise Farm," who lived across the state in the picturesque resort town of Eureka Springs.

As a prelude to one of the most unusual happenings of my life, Marge phoned Martha and me to invite us to spend the weekend with *Jedge* Lyons and herself, so that they could hold a literary party in our honor and discuss the new book, *You Live After Death* which, she said, had particularly captivated the *Jedge.*

The *Jedge,* Marge's husband, was twenty years her senior, and

one of her favorite characters in her Sunday write-ups in the *Tribune*. But he would have been a "character" without her writing about him. He had been elected "J.P." (Justice of the Peace) time and again by his home people who held him in great esteem and affection. Outwardly, the *Jedge* was salty-tongued, sometimes biting, opinionated, dominating; inwardly, he had the warmest of hearts, a do-gooder nature, and an enormous interest in people. He believed with Mark Twain that "the only trouble with human nature—is human nature."

"Get In Touch"

OUR week-end with the Lyonses and their friends proved unforgettable for reasons that will soon become apparent. They had invited about fifteen friends from the art and writing colonies of Eureka Springs to participate in a "bull session." Most of the guests had read my book in advance and were prepared to debate as well as discuss the evidence I had presented in support of my conviction that "we live after death."

During the animated conversation which ensued, *Jedge* Lyons was the most vigorous assenter and dissenter. He would break in, time and again, by saying: "Shut up—and listen to me!" As brusque as it may have sounded, no one resented the *Jedge's* interruptions. They knew this was characteristic of him—that when he had something on his mind, he just couldn't wait to get it off. And, besides, his comments were usually so colorful and so pointed, that they were well worth listening to!

Marge Lyons, laughingly apologizing for her husband's breakins, said: "Don't mind the *Jedge!* He's supposed to let me alone in my study so I can do my writing, until one o'clock every afternoon. I've given him orders, time and again, never to disturb me, even if the house is on fire, until I come downstairs for lunch. I've locked myself in my room, cut off the telephone, and done everything possible to keep from being disturbed—but, if the least little thing goes wrong or the *Jedge* gets an idea he wants to discuss with me—he threatens to break the door down unless I let him in—so he can unload! It's no use—when he has something on his mind—you might as well give up till he gets it off!"

I was to recall this trait of the *Jedge's*, in the time to come. But that night, all I distinctly remembered was the *Jedge's* climactic remark: "Well, Sherman—I don't know whether we live after we die, or not—but I'll promise you one thing: If I die before you do, and the chances are a thousand to one that I will—and if I find that there is a life after death—I'll try to communicate with you—and give you some real evidence—evidence that will stand up in court!"

The guests were amused at this, and I was, too, I reminded the *Jedge* that, despite our difference in ages, I could step outside and get hit by a car, and leave this world before he did—but he insisted that he was much nearer the boundary line than I was—all insurance statistics pointed to this fact—and that he would, therefore, hold to the announced resolution to "get in touch," if he survived as a conscious entity.

Some months later, *Jedge* Lyons suffered a stroke and subsequently died. Martha and I wrote Marge letters of sympathy and received an acknowledgement, accompanied by an unusual tribute which Marge, herself, had written concerning the *Jedge*. We thought of him with appreciation, but I must confess that I had not taken too seriously the *Jedge's* declaration that he would make an effort to contact me "from the other side."

At My Typewriter

MORE months passed. I was busy writing. We had not seen Marge Lyons since the passing of the *Jedge*, nor had we corresponded. There was nothing of an associative nature to have suggested in any way what now took place.

One morning, as I was seated at my typewriter, working on a book manuscript, my mind was seized with the sudden, unmistakable feeling that *Jedge* Lyons was present. It was the same kind of feeling that I had experienced years before during my experiments in long distance telepathy with Sir Hubert Wilkins, the Arctic explorer, when we had been separated by some two to three thousand miles. [*Thoughts Through Space*, by Sir Hubert Wilkins and Harold Sherman (New York, 1942), recounts their experiments in long distance telepathy, under scientifically observed conditions.] I had the

mental image and the sensation that *Jedge* Lyons was there, in the atmosphere, standing beside me although I could not see him with my physical eyesight.

It is my habit, when unusual impressions have come to mind, to mention them to Mrs. Sherman when she is within earshot, as an aid to substantiating whatever I might be about to receive. On this occasion, since the kitchen of our little cottage was adjacent to my study, I called to my wife: "Martha—I have the feeling that *Jedge* Lyons is here!"

Mrs. Sherman has long been accustomed to such remarks of mine, at odd times of the day or night, and she simply replied: "That's interesting," knowing that any protracted comment by her would be disturbing to me and interfere with "reception"—since all I wanted was the assurance that she was aware I was in "contact" with something.

Now, in my mind's ear, I heard *Jedge* Lyons say, in the tone of voice I remembered as his: "Sherman—take that piece of copy out of your typewriter and put in a sheet of your stationery. I've got a message for Marge!"

Obedient to this request, I did as instructed, ripping out the manuscript paper, reaching in my desk drawer, taking out a letterhead, and rolling it into the machine. I did this in order to demonstrate to the "entity," if entity there was, that I had "heard" the instructions. Then I waited for the "message" but no message was forthcoming, although I sensed the presence of the *Jedge* very strongly beside me.

Finally, I typed in the date, addressed the letter to Marge, and wrote an introductory paragraph, telling her that I had been trying to work on my new book but that I had been overwhelmed by the "feeling" that the *Jedge* had "barged in" and wanted me to deliver a message of some kind. I warned Marge that this could easily be my imagination but that the feeling was so strong, and it was so similar to other feelings I had in the past which had proved evidential, that I was acting upon it, for whatever it might be worth.

Once I had finished this paragraph, it had apparently been what the *Jedge* had been awaiting, for he now said to me in a voice which I heard, inwardly:

"Tell Marge—don't you do it—you'll regret it as long as you live—if you do!"

I typed these words as though taking direction, then I naturally asked in my own mind: "Don't do—WHAT?"

Quick as a flash came the mental answer:

"She'll know what I mean!"

I typed: "The *Jedge* says, you'll know what he means!"

I then sat quietly, conscious of the *Jedge's* continued presence, awaiting a further message. There was none—so I added several paragraphs, telling Marge what Martha and I had been doing since we had seen her last, and expressing the wish we could get together in the near future. I repeated my warning that this message could be a quirk of my imagination but that I felt impelled to send it on to her nevertheless. I then felt that my "secretarial" job was done.

Mail It Now!

WHEN I was about to sign off and take the piece of stationery from the typewriter, the *Jedge* suddenly intervened. *"Wait a minute!"* he commanded me, mentally. *"This is very important! You've been wanting proof of life after death. I'm giving it to you! Put the TIME on this letter!"*

I looked at my watch. It was 9:30 A.M. Rolling the stationery back, I typed the *time* in just below the date. I could feel a deep sense of satisfaction from the "unseen presence" of the *Jedge*. Then I took the letter out, signed it, addressed an envelope to Marge, sealed it with the enclosure, and tossed it up on a corner of my desk, intending to get back to my own creative work. But the *Jedge* wasn't through with me yet!

"Now," he demanded, *"take that letter into town, put a special delivery on it, and mail it to Marge!"*

This was asking too much! It was ten miles to town—over gravel roads—twenty miles round trip. It would kill an entire morning to perform this accommodation. But, try as I could to get my mind back on my writing assignment, it just wasn't any use. The *Jedge* kept pestering me mentally: *"Take that letter into town—put a special delivery on it—and mail it to Marge!"*

Now there flashed into memory Marge's statement about the difficulty in holding the *Jedge* off when he wanted to communicate. I could certainly testify to this "mental force" and the per-

sistency of it—a characteristic of the *Jedge* in life. There simply was no peace of mind for me until I acquiesced.

I called Martha in, read her the carbon of the letter I had written to Marge, and told her that there was nothing for me to do but drop everything, drive into town and discharge the order. Once I had done so, the instant I dropped the letter in the box at the Mountain View post office, it was as though a heavy pressure had been released from my mind. I could hardly get home quickly enough, to take up my writing where I had left off! The feeling of the *Jedge's* presence vanished. Indeed, it left me wondering whether he had ever been there at all.

My wonderment and my doubts increased as days went by and we received no answering word from Marge. Now I began to rebuke myself for ever having surrendered to these strong feelings. I said to Martha: "Why did you ever let me send that letter to Marge? I'm sure she hasn't been able to make head or tail of the message. It is meaningless to her and she is embarrassed— she doesn't know how to write us about it. She doesn't want to hurt my feelings—but she probably thinks I'm nuts! This may have cost us our friendship with Marge. When will I learn to keep such feelings to myself—no matter how convincing they may seem at the time!"

Delivery of the Message

A FEW weeks passed, and I was certain in my conscious mind—which is the reasoning, guessing, wondering, doubting, calculating, assimilating mind, limited by the five physical senses —that this message from the *Jedge* had been a figment of my imagination. No word from Marge, in substantiation, proved this. I felt like writing and apologizing—but I couldn't quite make myself because an inner part of me kept insisting: "But you felt just like you felt when you actually *were* in contact with the mind of Wilkins. There must have been something to it. Why, otherwise, would you have gotten such an impression?"

About this time, Mrs. Sherman and I took a notion to visit our daughter, Marcia, and family, then living in Fort Worth. We decided to leave a day early, and motor to Hot Springs, Arkansas, where our friend, Governor Sid

McMath, was opening his campaign for re-election in the ball park that night.

As we were about to enter the field box in front of the grandstand, we heard the excited voice of a woman calling to us.

"Harold! Martha! Oh, is it good to see you!"

We turned, and saw Marge Lyons running to greet us. After affectionate greetings, Marge turned to me.

"Oh, Harold—since your remarkable letter came—I had been planning to take off and come to see you about it. It's something I just couldn't write about in a letter. But one thing and another has prevented me from getting away. Harold—do you know where I was at nine-thirty in the morning that you received your message from the *Jedge*?"

"I have no idea," I said.

"I was up in the Boston mountains," she said, "on Highway 71, between Fayetteville and Little Rock, at a home which had one of the most beautiful views I had ever seen. I was with a woman friend of mine—and I fell so in love with this place that I had decided to buy it. I told the owners that I would have to drive on to Little Rock and make arrangements with my bank and put my home in Eureka Springs up for sale—and that I would return late that afternoon and put a payment down.

"That is when you got the message from the *Jedge*—'Tell Marge—don't you do it—you'll regret it as long as you live if you do!'

"Well, I motored to Little Rock, made arrangements at the bank, and started back, still intent on buying the property, but the closer I got to the place, the more my enthusiam began to wane. I finally started asking myself: 'What are you doing? All your roots, during your married life, are down in Eureka Springs. All your friends and club activities and interests are there. But you know few people in this part of Arkansas. You're just in love with a view. In a few days, when this view becomes commonplace, you will get so lonely here all by yourself, away from all your friends and social and other contacts—you won't be able to stand it.'

"Once I had this perspective, I dropped all thoughts of buying the place, and drove right on past, without stopping. The next morning, when I got to our old home in Eureka Springs, which

never looked so good, I found your letter in the box and the *Jedge's* message, followed by his statement: 'She'll know what I mean.' You bet I knew what he meant!

"Harold Sherman—no one can ever convince me that the *Jedge* did not get through to me—through *you!* I can see just how he did it. He must have been *with* me that morning when I was looking at that place, and when he saw I was intent on buying it, he tried to reach me directly but my mind was so concentrated on what I wanted to do, that he couldn't break through.

"How natural, then, for the *Jedge* to think of *you*—and to decide, 'All right, if I can't reach Marge direct—I'll get to her through Harold Sherman!'

"So, the *Jedge* took off for your home in the hills and impressed himself upon you, till you picked up his message and were so moved by him that to make sure your message went off all right you even went into town to mail the letter.

"After that, it is evident th *Jedge* returned to me and kep hounding me, until he go through enough to make me won der *why* I was buying the plac —and to decide it would be fool ish to make such an investment Once I got over this fixation o the property, I could see it woul have been a colossal mistake an that, as the *Jedge* said, I'd 'regre it as long as I lived, if I had

"But how could I write yo about anything like this? I jus had to see you folks and tell yo my experience in person—and t say that I haven't the slightes doubt about life after death an more."

Some years have now passe since this unusual occurrence bu it is one that Mrs. Sherman an I will never forget. Among th many extra-sensory experience I have had, it remains a stand out. And Marge Lyons hasn forgotten it, either, for she wro to us this last Christmas, sayin "I can never forget that marve ous incident!"

What do you think—did really hear from the Beyond?

An English officer's capture and execution, after receiving Benedict Arnold's plans, were foreseen in a previous dream

THE FATE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ

S. Ralph Harlow

A remarkable precognition experience involving the tragic Major André, the British officer to whom Benedict Arnold betrayed West Point in 1780, makes a fascinating story out of Colonial America and the American Revolution that should be better known. Several years before André was seized by three militiamen who found the West Point plans in his boots, the discovery which led to his hanging as a spy, a Mr. Cunningham in Lichfield, Derbyshire, England, told a friend of a dream in which three soldiers had captured a man who was later hanged after some papers in his boots proved him a spy.

Cunningham and his friend, a Mr. Newton, were then visiting the Reverend John Seward and his daughter Anna Seward, in whose home the beautiful Honora Sneyd had once lived as if she were an adopted daughter. John André, who held a commission with the Seventh Royal Fusileers and was soon to sail for service in Canada, was to be the guest of the Sewards that day. He had once been deeply in love —and, in fact, he still was—with

Honora, who had refused him despite the urgings of Anna Seward that she marry the young officer.

This, then, was André's farewell visit to the town of the girl whose memory he still revered even if she would never be his wife. Cunningham had just finished telling about his dream when Major André came into the room. The startled Cunningham told Newton at the first opportunity that the man who had just entered was the same man who had been hanged in his dream, for he clearly remembered his features.

The Loves of Honora

SOME of the details of André's life merit more attention for a better understanding of this macabre incident. John André was born in London of Swiss parents who had lived in Geneva before coming to England to improve the family fortunes. In 1769, when he happened to be in Lichfield on a minor errand, he met Honora Sneyd at the Seward home, where Anna Seward enjoyed a measure of fame as the leader of a small but spirited literary group. It was natural for André to be there, for he was already not only a young soldier of distinction, but a man of poetic, artistic and musical talents.

As has been noted, Honora did not return his love, although some authorities have implied she did but that her parents disapproved of a marriage with the young officer.

In any event, in 1773 she married R. L. Edgeworth, the once famous author of *Castle Rackrent, Belinda, The Absentee, Ormond, Harry and Lucy* and other novels about Irish life. The apparently glamorous Honora's other disappointed suitors included Thomas Day, best known for a quaint book of manners for the young, *Sandford and Merton;* for his anti-slavery poem, "The Dying Negro," and for such works as *The Devoted Legions,* published in 1776, and *The Desolation of America,* 1777, in which he, a loyal Englishman, nevertheless revealed he sympathized fervently with the American colonies in their struggle for independence from the mother country.

Honora's first suitor, Major André, who was to lose his life in that American war for independence, remained unshakable

n his love for this popular woman who had spurned him and others who later achieved a fame which makes her famous even now. When André was first taken prisoner after the capture of Fort George in St. John's, South Quebec, in 1775 by the American General, Richard Montgomery, he was stripped of almost every personal possession by some soldiers who were as harsh and inhuman as their chief, Montgomery, was humane and magnanimous.

André described his capture in a letter as follows: "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans and robbed of everything save the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I think myself happy." The picture was probably a miniature of porcelain, and thus has Honora been further immortalized in America by the man she spurned at Lichfield.

After many months as a weary prisoner in Pennsylvania, André was finally exchanged. He immediately became a favorite of Sir Henry Clinton, the British Commander in New York, who appointed him Adjutant General (with the rank of Major) and made him a member of his personal staff. During his service with Clinton, the brilliant American general, Benedict Arnold, considered to this day the outstanding field officer of the American Revolution, approached Sir Henry with an offer to betray the secrets and other details of the important American fortress at West Point overlooking the Hudson River. Clinton, first taken aback by this treasonable offer from a man second only to Washington in military stature, accepted it as an opportunity to end the American rebellion in swift and dramatic fashion. He chose his favorite, Major André, to negotiate with Arnold.

Arnold, it should be recalled, had the complete confidence of General Washington. Arnold led the victory at Saratoga, sometimes regarded as the turning point in the Revolution because this was the battle which made France the ally of the new nation. The event is commemorated on the battlefield at Saratoga on one of the most unusual monuments in the United States marking a great battle. On one side of the monument is carved a boot, and on the other is a brief paean of praise to Arnold and his part in the victory. The

boot is still there as a symbol of the wound in the leg Arnold suffered as he led a valiant charge.

Following this battle, other officers were promoted despite lesser service than the man who had led them in this crucial battle. Arnold brooded over what he considered these unjust slights by Congress, but he was also worried about the heavy gambling debts he was unable to meet. These and other factors caused him to deliberately plot the destruction of Washington's reputation, a venture for which he was richly paid in cash and with a high command in the British Army.

The enormity of the man's moral crime is unparalleled in American history. He earned not only the hatred of the Americans, but the contempt of the British as well, even though they made him a Brigadier General. Years later, after the war, when the old soldier was sitting in the gallery of the House of Commons, a member who was speaking interrupted himself and pointed to Benedict Arnold as he said sternly, "I will not continue to speak while this man is in the House."

Andre's Fatal Error

THIS was the man with whom John André negotiated for the betrayal of West Point. A British vessel landed him at a pre-arranged spot where he met Arnold, discussed pertinent details, and received the plans of the West Point fortress which the British were to attack within a few days with the aid of Arnold. During these negotiations, the vessel which had landed André was fired on by American guns and had to depart hastily without taking André on.

And now André made the mistake which cost him his life: he exchanged his uniform for civilian clothes, put the West Point plans in his boots, and started out the next day on a horse for New York, seemingly safe because he had a safe-conduct pass furnished by no less a commander than General Benedict Arnold. As André rode on, his mission all but accomplished, three soldiers who belonged to a scouting party operating between the lines of the British and American forces, sprang from a covert of trees and seized the bridle of his horse.

With a momentary loss of his usual self-possession, André asked the men where they belonged

instead of producing at once the pass Arnold had given him. The soldiers replied, "To below," a term indicating that despite their uniforms they were a scouting party from the British lines.

"And so do I," replied André, not suspecting the deception of the soldiers. He then identified himself as a British officer on an urgent mission and ordered that he be detained no longer. Suddenly he discovered his mistake, but it was too late. He offered various bribes to gain his freedom: a purse of gold and a valuable watch, to which he added tempting offers of high rewards from the British Government if only they would permit him to escape.

But the soldiers rejected these offers without hesitation. Instead, they searched his boots and found exact descriptions, in Arnold's handwriting, of the state of the forces at West Point, along with many comments on the defense works of the fortress. They then took him to the headquarters of Lt. Col. Jamieson, the officer in command of the scouting parties on the Hudson. Word of André's capture reached Arnold in the meantime, and he escaped on horseback and was later picked up by a British ship and taken to New York.

André was court-martialed, found guilty as a spy, and sentenced to be hanged. He claimed he was merely a prisoner of war, acting under higher orders. This defense was rejected chiefly because he had discarded his British uniform and was seized wearing civilian clothes within the American lines. But experts consider this a technicality, for Washington had no choice, under the rules of war, in not sparing the life of a man he himself admitted "was more unfortunate than criminal."

André was hanged at Tappan, New York, on October 2, 1780. George Washington marked the event in his journal with these words: "André met his fate with that fortitude which was to be expected of a gallant officer: but I am mistaken if at this time Arnold is undergoing the torments of a mental hell. He lacks feeling. From some traits of his character which have lately come to my attention, he seems to have lost all sense of honor and shame. While his faculties still enable him to continue his sordid pursuits, there will be no time for remorse."

And John Marshall in his biography of Washington writes of the André tragedy: "The general officers lamented the sentence, which the usages of war compelled them to pronounce; and perhaps on no occasion of his life did Washington obey with more reluctance the stern mandates of duty and policy. The sympathy excited among American officers by his fate was as universal as it is unusual on such occasions; and proclaims the merit of him who suffered, and the humanity of those who inflicted the punishment."

André was buried at the foot of the tree on the banks of the Hudson where he met his death. Later his body was exhumed and taken back to England on a British warship, for reburial in Westminster Abbey.

The Premonitory Dream

WITH some of these events in mind, the dream which was related earlier by Mr. Cunningham takes on more meaning. He related how he found himself alone on a forest road. Soon a rider appeared and he saw plainly the rider's face, a face of unusual character and courage, he remarked to Newton. Suddenly, from the side of the road, three men sprang out and stopped the rider, seizing the bridle and hauling the rider from his horse. He saw them take off the rider's boots and remove some papers from them.

Then the dream changed—and it can indeed be called a second dream—and Cunningham found himself in a town in another country, far from England. A crowd was present in a square and, continued Cunningham, he saw the horseman of his vision led down the street by soldiers. A gallows was in the square and he, Cunningham, witnessed the hanging of the horseman.

That man in Lichfield, so many years before the death of André, remembered very clearly the facial features of the captive. And then André entered the room and he saw the same man with the same features he could not forget.

The English have buried André with their heroes in their greatest cathedral. But the Americans have taken André to their hearts also, and his tragic story remains a rich piece of Americana that excites and saddens succeeding generations of children and men.

A "spirit aviator" predicted a New York-to-Budapest flight; later, the second pilot told his story through two mediums

MESSAGES FROM TWO OCEANFLIERS

Nandor Fodor

THE person first receiving so-called messages from the dead is almost invariably overwhelmed by what seems the utter veracity and highly personal character of the experience. It is often so startling, dramatic and emotionally disturbing that critical faculties are stunned and the phenomenon is accepted at face value as remarkable proof of a supernatural force. Later, with the passage of days and months, the mind regains its equilibrium, and it is then that doubts arise about the feasibility of communication between the dead and the living. The person so recently overwhelmed by the genuineness of the experience all too often explains it away now by quite rational facts and conjecture.

I had the good fortune—and good fortune it is to work in these rich and largely unexplored areas—to be thrown into a situation where the dead called out to me. It occurred early in my career as a psychic investigator and researcher, but the wonder of it has not faded despite the passage of twenty-five years.

At the time I was on the personal staff of the first Lord Roth-

ermere in London. Rothermere, brother of the equally famed Lord Northcliffe, owned a chain of newspapers, including the London *Daily Mail*, which then had the largest circulation in the world. One sunny day in June 1930, in my office at Geraldine House, just off Fleet Street, the widow of Captain W. G. R. Hinchcliffe, the famed flyer, came to see me. Hinchcliffe was still remembered as the pioneer airplane pilot who vanished March 13, 1928, while attempting an East-to-West Atlantic flight. His co-pilot, who perished with him, was the Honorable Elsie MacKay, daughter of Lord Inchcape, who financed the venture. There had been a few faint signals from the Azores at the time, but they were never explained and no trace of the plane or the flyers was ever found.

Emilie Hinchcliffe wanted to talk with Rothermere, the editor of the powerful *Daily Mail*, but that very busy gentleman decided to pass her along to me. I was delighted, because people still speculated about Hinchcliffe and I wanted to know more about him. Newspapers had from time to time printed sensational articles telling of messages received from him through Eileen J. Garrett, who today is publisher-editor of this magazine, and then was active as a trance medium of highest repute.

Here again, I was especially interested because I was playing a part in organizing the ocean flight of the plane *Justice for Hungary*, which was designed to fix the attention of Hungarian-Americans on the plight of their native land. Under the Treaty of Trianon, that country had after the first World War lost huge areas of its old territory, and it sought the support of world opinion in its efforts to regain some of the pre-war land. Lord Rothermere, a warm friend of Hungary, had offered a prize of $10,000 to the native-born Hungarian who would fly a plane non-stop to Budapest from New York. He had also contributed $5000 toward defraying the expenses of an organization making the arrangements. Hungarian by birth myself, I was selected by Rothermere to watch over this activity.

Capt. Hinchcliffe's Role

IT occurred to me that if Captain Hinchcliffe was still the vital force in aviation the news-

papers sometimes said he was, then here was an opportunity for a dramatic story and a headline which I already visualized: "Dead Ocean Flier Predicts Successful Flight for *Justice for Hungary.*" Perhaps, I mused that morning as Emilie Hinchcliffe faced me, I could talk with Eileen Garrett and obtain the information I needed.

I asked Mrs. Hinchcliffe if I might use her name as a reference in obtaining the interview, something ordinarily extremely difficult for a total stranger. Mrs. Hinchcliffe agreed. I wrote at once to Mrs. Garrett, and was given an appointment to visit her. I later learned that Emilie Hinchcliffe had visited Mrs. Garrett two days before my interview, but she wrote me that she had simply told the medium I was "quite bona fide, a Hungarian and a journalist, *not another word.*"

I still recall my first impression of Eileen Garrett. We talked briefly about inconsequential matters.

Then she yawned, and I surely thought she was weary of me. She rubbed her eyes and groaned, as if in distress, not unlike a woman in labor as her distress increased. It was then I understood she was in trance. She was calm, she sat up in her comfortable armchair, crossed her arms and bowed solemnly. "Uvani," her trance personality, believed to be a Persian of another century, now spoke through her. He greeted me with Eastern courtesy.

I now handed Mrs. Garrett—or "Uvani"—a sample of Mrs. Hinchcliffe's handwriting and suggested I be placed in touch with somebody closely connected with or related to the writer.

Uvani betrayed no familiarity with the writing, but said:

"Did he pass through water? It is so strange. I connect him with air and yet with water simultaneously. His passing-over gives me the impression that he had been in the air at the time of his going, and yet I have the feeling of sudden strangulation, a feeling that he was the next moment in the water. He is conscious between the two, and as I see him go in the water, he is very frightened, not outwardly, but within himself."

I asked Uvani if he could tell me something about the outcome of a similar venture, of a new ocean flight.

"I think so," came Uvani's reply. "He says an attempt is now being made to fly in one direction, on one long journey. He is looking ruefully at the financial side. If you ask him if the flight can succeed, he says it can, but the financial problems are delaying the start."

Uvani was right. We were not receiving as many contributions from the Hungarians in America as we had expected, and this was delaying the flight.

Uvani continued, "Three people are planning the flight. One of them is doubtful about ever obtaining the money. The flight itself is no problem, but the money is. If the money is not obtained soon, it will never be obtained."

This was an astonishingly accurate statement. There were three important organizers of the flight, all appointed by the Hungarian Air Federation of Budapest: Captain George Endresz, Hungary's ace pilot; Lt. Commander Stephen Grosschmid; and Lt. Commander Eugene Caspary. Grosschmid had been skeptical about the whole venture, and his attitude had delayed everything. But at the last moment a wealthy Hungarian industrialist had contributed $10,000, and the flight was assured just when all seemed lost.

Uvani's next statement was the most startling. "They must start within the next three weeks or the Atlantic 'depression' will make things dangerous.

"Of the actual airworthiness of the machine and the success of the flight he is not in doubt. But get the finances in order immediately. The best day to start is June 19."

The date was too early, impossible to keep. I protested to Uvani. After all, in the past there had been successful flights in July and August.

Uvani replied, "He shakes his head. If they do not start soon the weather reports will not be favorable."

The next morning, to my amazement, I read in the newspapers an appeal from George Endresz, which concluded with this sentence: "We must start between June 15 and June 20." Hinchcliffe, Mrs. Garrett, "Uvani"—one or all of these had expert knowledge of weather and flying conditions. As it happened, the flight was delayed a month, but it was successfully completed even though the plane

had to make a forced landing just in sight of Budapest as the fuel ran out.

Endresz Killed

THE following May, Captain Endresz was killed when his plane exploded over the Rome airfield. He was arriving as the Hungarian representative of the First International Congress of Oceanfliers. Just one month before this tragic crash, in which the plane plunged to earth and burned before the horrified spectators, he had been Lord Rothermere's guest in London. For three weeks, he and I had been constant companions at parties and dances.

I did not think of contacting Endresz through a trance medium until July, 1933. That day I had a session with the still highly reputable medium, Mrs. Abbott, of the London Spiritualist Alliance, now the British College of Psychic Science. Mrs. Abbott's spirit guide was a picturesque American Indian who called himself Chief Running Water and spoke in the odd, halting, ungrammatical but understandable English Indians are expected to speak, at least according to movies and popular historical novels. After some messages of little importance, "Chief Running Water" said to me, "You know the gentleman who brings the airplane? The gentleman who lost his life in airplane? He has a funny name. Sounds like two syllables."

I was surprised. It could be Hinchcliffe, but that name has no sibilant sound in it. But Endresz has. I encouraged the Chief to continue.

"He a little mixed. He telling me about things me not quite understand. He has the big voice, but not a very big man. Nice face that laugh a lot."

That fitted. Endresz had a loud voice. He was stocky and sturdy rather than big, and he laughed heartily.

The Chief continued to give me other messages from Endresz, some of them quite accurate, about events which had taken place. He was only partially correct about other events, but even then he revealed considerable familiarity with many incidents I had assumed only Endresz and I remembered.

At one point the Chief said, "You talk in his language." This was impressive. Equally impressive was his mention of Musso-

lini, who had been at the Rome airfield to greet Endresz that day he crashed. Mussolini had later presented 100,000 pengoes to Endresz's widow as his personal token of regard for a brave man.

Again I asked the Chief to continue, but he replied, "Big Chief not able to catch what he mean. Sound funny. He not quite clear. He clear that he knows you and that you had big talk. He not sure about things. He want to talk to you and he too excited."

This was in line with a claim of many spiritualists, that those who communicate for the first time usually become excited and lose the power of coherent speech.

But, regretfully, I had to conclude after leaving Mrs. Abbott that the messages seemed to reveal a supernormal knowledge, but did not prove to my satisfaction that they came from the surviving spirit of my dead friend Endresz.

Now came an unexpected sequel to this meeting with Mrs. Abbott and the "Chief," on whom I had called at eleven o'clock that morning. At nine o'clock that evening an old friend, Romola Nijinsky, wife of the famous ballet dancer, phoned me because she wanted to talk about a psychic quest that had exasperated her. She told me that she had that very afternoon walked into the offices of the London Spiritualist Alliance, 16 Queensberry place, on the chance she could have a sitting with any medium available. Ordinarily an appointment was essential. But it happened that Mrs. Abbott was available at that moment and Romola had her sitting.

"But," continued Mrs. Nijinsky, "it was a rotten sitting. I don't know why. Somebody who said he was an aviator pestered me throughout the sitting. He just would not go away. He insisted he knew me and my family, but I still cannot place him at all."

I asked guarded questions about the aviator and received replies that pointed to Endresz beyond doubt. He had flown for some country, said Romola indifferently, and he had flown to make political propaganda.

I was excited, but still cautious. The evidence seemed strong that Endresz was trying to reach me. But I had to tell myself quite firmly that because of what

may be termed the "psychic grapevine," Mrs. Abbott may have been informed that the famed Romola was on her way to the Spiritualist Alliance for a sitting. It was possible also that Mrs. Abbott assumed Hungarians in London might pass information of common interest to each other—and who could better begin the process of disseminating such information than the distinguished Romola Nijinsky!

Some days later, during a lecture in Brighton, I told my audience about the Endresz messages and said I was as bewildered as I was fascinated. When I left the hall an elderly lady approached me and said, "Excuse me, please. I was in your audience tonight and I want to tell you that when you spoke of your aviator friend, I distinctly saw him standing beside you."

Long experience as a lecturer on psychic subjects had taught me to politely ignore these clairvoyant impressions of my listeners. But before I could dismiss this woman, she added, "There was another thing. He was holding a small girl in his arms."

I could ignore this woman no longer after that information. I asked if she remembered the child's name or even a part of the name.

"Andr. . .Andr. . . ," She struggled unsucessfully to emit the whole name.

"Andrea," I prompted her because I could no longer restrain myself.

"That's it." she said with quiet assurance. "Andrea."

That was my daughter's name. Now I remembered that Endresz had picked her up many times, played with her, put her in his airplane, and had a picture taken as he sat there with her. The evidence now seemed stronger than ever that this was the clairvoyant vision of a very persistent man. The more I thought about it and the more I pieced information together, the more convinced I was this was a prima facie case for the Endresz messages. I remained satisfied with this conclusion for a long time, for years, in fact.

Then came a shock that weakened this faith and my skepticism reasserted itself. Mrs. Abbott, long regarded as a lady of the highest integrity, was revealed as a practitioner of bogus mediumship. Serious charges were proved conclusively. I had

myself obtained proof of the fraudulent practice when I invited Mrs. Abbott to attend some sessions of the International Institute for Psychical Research, of which I was Research Officer and, later, Director of Research.

My colleagues and I proved by means of infra-red photographs that even though Mrs. Abbott was tied to her chair during the sittings with her clients, when a trumpet was believed to be out of reach, that she actually succeeded in getting hold of it when it was supposed to be floating unsupported in air.

My faith had been badly shaken. Was it possible that the Endresz messages had indeed been spurious? There are so many ways in which Mrs. Abbott could have obtained the facts about Endresz, my daughter and myself. Romola and I were known in many London circles, our families were known, we attended many parties, the press carried stories about our activities; above all, we had both visited Mrs. Abbott many times.

Mrs. Abbott signed a confession after my Institute exposed her. No court would have accepted her defense that she had always been honest in one type of trance work, and dishonest in another type, with the trumpet, with other clients. How could anyone accept such a division of truth from untruth from the same person?

Mrs. Abbott might have been at one period in her life a genuine trance medium. We must, however, remember that many mediums, after years of their exhausting work, are subject to moral deterioration and, ultimately, to the unabashed practice of fraud.

I have recited these details about a period rich in psychic research, a period in which I played a modest role and made some contributions as a scientific investigator, solely to point up some of the inevitable difficulties that face all students of psychic phenomena. Mediumship offers one of the greatest challenges to students now, as it did then. Fraud does occur in mediumship on occasion, but fraud is merely one of the phenomena that must be studied, on psychic and psychological grounds, rather than on legal grounds. I am convinced that further definitive study of it will yet reveal aspects of human behavior that will contribute important basic knowledge.

iformal "thought reception" experiments between New York, ialifornia, and Long Island produced some surprising results

PICTURES IN THE MIND

Elizabeth Lancaster

SOME years ago my husband took a business trip to Italy was not able to go to the pier o see him off, and after he left ne house I lay down for a mo- nent, fell into a doze, and had his short dream of him: he was anding, smiling at me, and run- ing around him in all directions ere several duplicates of a ardener of ours named Toni.

Just then I was awakened by ne telephone. It was my hus- and, phoning from the dock of ne Italian liner on which he as sailing.

"Well, here I am," he said to e, "all surrounded by Tonis."

It seemed unlikely to me that the appearance in my mind of such an odd idea as "being surrounded by Tonis" was merely a coincidence. I wondered if I had read my husband's thoughts.

However, this little incident turned my attention to the subject of telepathy and mind reading. Since then I have made a rather serious study of it, reading a large part of the extensive literature. Also, with the help of a few friends and relatives, I carried out a number of experiments. Although they were not too numerous, the results seemed to be quite impressive in the

instances of direct "hits," and seemed to point to the exercise of some power of clairvoyance.

By *clairvoyance,* we mean the ability to "see" or perceive things in the mind that are not available to our regular senses.

In setting up these experiments we worked out a procedure that was quite simple, but which seemed to offer due precautions for the exclusion of sensory clues. At various times, one of my friends or relatives would draw a set of pictures—simple line drawings of anything that came to mind. I attempted to reproduce them at a distance, with no knowledge exchanged except the time for the experiment and the number of drawings to be made In all the experiments given here I was in Manhasset, Long Island, and I acted as percipient each time—that is, I was on the receiving end.

Body Passive, Mind Blank

I CARRIED out my part of the procedure in the same way at each session: I would lie down comfortably, and be assured that I would not be interrupted for about an hour.

I would blindfold my eyes and then "explain to myself" what was desired. I relaxed, made m mind as nearly blank as I coul and remained in a passive stat It usually took between fiftee minutes to a half hour befo any impressions would occu They would occur in sever forms.

By far the greatest number impressions were "visual image that is, they were imagina images of a sort the eyes wou see. They were of three mo or less distinct kinds: lines, colo and momentary visions of o jects, very like those we see dreams.

The lines might appear eith as white on a dark backgrou or as dark lines on a gray bac ground. They often appeared move, or, at least, they wou come and go with great rapidi

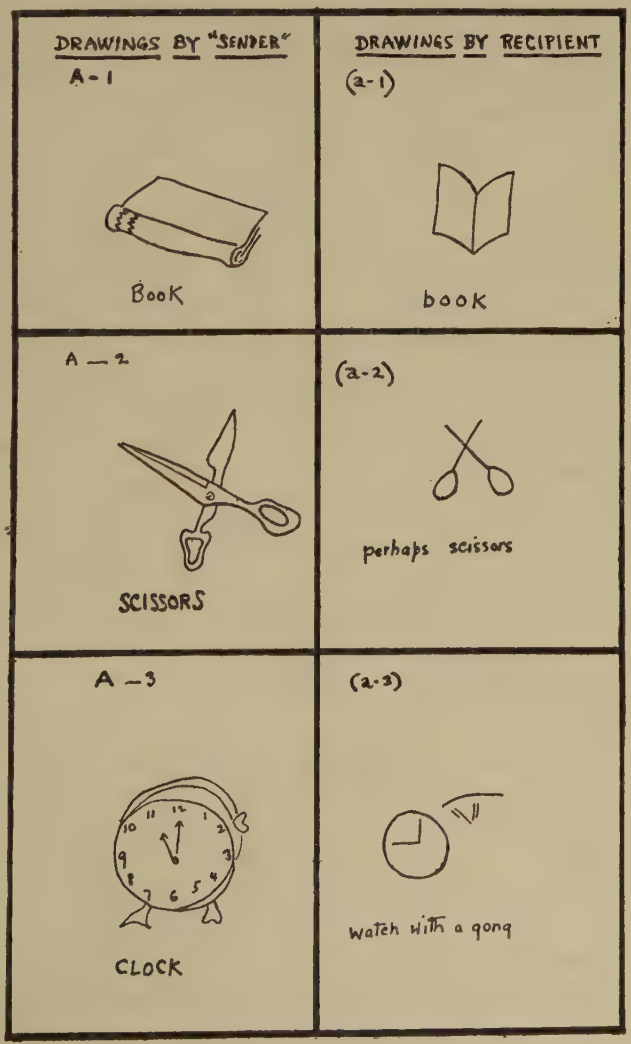
The original drawings, whi follow, all appeared in black a white. However, one instance receiving a color impression included: the "yellowish shi recorded in my attempt to rep duce a lamp. In working w colored cards, I often receiv correct impressions of the col though not always.

The third type of visual ima may appear as a little pictu complete in all respects, incl

ig color and three-dimensional orm.

However, my impressions were ot all of the visual sort. Some ould be better described as ideas." They nay come into ny mind as vords, or phra- es that seem- ngly float into he mind—for nstance, watch with a gong," "on a able," "ferns," house with a himney smok- ng." Or they nay be some- vhat less pas- ive attempts at nterpre- ation, and nay then result n a correct naming of the bject, such as a book," "scis- ors," or "a tar."

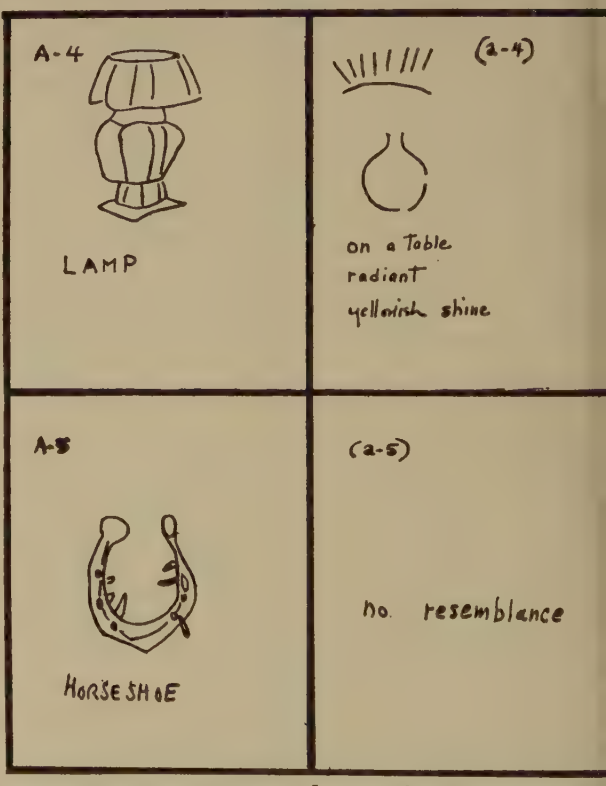
Thus, ideas, ot feelings, are he only kinds f impressions ecorded here, ut sometimes my first impression would be a feeling of fear or pleasure. Pictures of animals are likely to cause fear and I rarely interpret them correctly. For instance, a



snake may be interpreted as "a ribbon" or "curling lines," following a feeling of fear. A vivid picture of a bear once destroyed my power to relax and caused me to end the experiment. Fire, smoke or light usually produce a sense of pleasure in me, as do flowers, butterflies, clocks and watches.

These attempts at "thought reception" are somewhat tiring, and I usually do not continue them beyond an hour at a time.

As soon as I receive an impression, I make a record of it at once. The visual impressions are reproduced as line drawings, or described, and the ideas are written out in words. This record is final, and anything remembered or learned later on is not added. Thus, we can consider the record of my attempts, plus the drawings they try to reproduce, as the only result of the experiment. But they are entirely tangible results, and this is a fairly important point. One may object, for instance, that perhaps I did not really perceive anything at all, and that the visual images and ideas were merely imagined. Once the record has been made, this objection has no meaning, for both



empts and the original drawg are in unquestionable existce. The experiment does not beyond them, and all we are er concerned with is the evince which was put down at e time of perception.

A correct naming of the obct would seem to be the best ssible result—and this occurred veral times. But partial remblances at times may be even ore useful, as it is from them at we catch glimpses of the anner in which the perception received—a point to be exlained later.

My friends who made the awings were free to draw anying; no limitations were placed subject matter. Thus, it is difficult to compare these results ith the results to be expected chance—as can be done in periments with "E.S.P." cards with a limited number of nown objects.

In all, I made between fifty nd fifty-six experiments. Of ese, I named twelve objects, drawn by the sender, corctly. Nine other impressions at I received showed clear remblances to the pictures drawn the sender. That makes a tal of twenty-one experiments that would be rated as "positive."

A statistician might say that such a percentage would be very impressive, but it is difficult for the layman to respond to a set of figures when looking for an affirmation that he can actually exercise some powers of telepathy or clairvoyance.

Through the Mails

I NOW present the test pictures and the results. All of the experiments were essentially alike, except that some were conducted through the mails, and others were exchanged between adjoining rooms in one house.

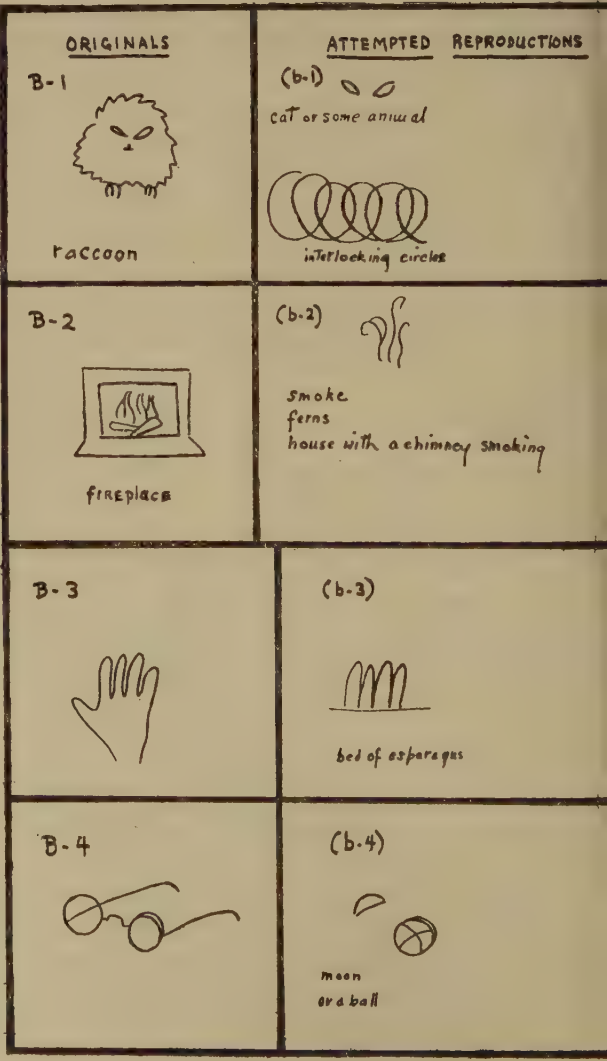
When the mails were used, a friend some distance away would draw a set of five or ten pictures, making a carbon copy of each. The pictures were then numbered one to five, or one to ten, and my attempts to reproduce them would be made in that order. When I "explained to myself" what was wanted, for instance, I would give myself the number of the card I was to "see."

My friend informed me by postcard when she had finished the drawings. When I completed my record I also informed my friend by postcard. We ex-

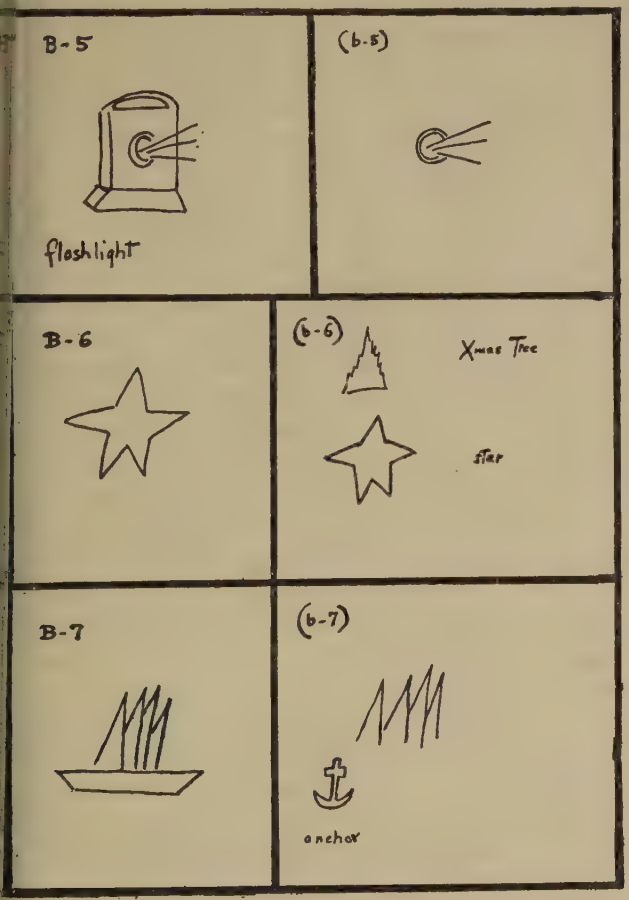
changed the results by mail, each keeping her own carbon copies. This method was devised to rule out fraud or self-deception—at least for the persons concerned. If outsiders were to be satisfied, additional precautions might be needed.

As one set of five showed four positive results, I give it as a whole. It was carried out between Manhasset, New York, and New York City. (See examples A-1, 2, 3, 4 & 5 on pages 67 and 68.)

The next seven examples were also arranged for and exchanged by mail. They are grouped as "B" although they did not form a whole. B-1, 2, 3, 4 and 7 were drawn b a sender in California; B-5 b a sender in Massachusetts, an B-6 by a sender on the sout



shore of Long Island. (See examples B-1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 & 7 on pages 70 and 71.)



The remaining examples are similar, except that they were done in adjoining rooms in my house in Manhasset. A bathroom separated the rooms, however, and there was a third person in my friend's room who could see that I did not enter that room until the records were exchanged. The attempts were made one at a time and exchanged one at a time. (See examples C-1, 2 & 3 on page 73.)

Now that we have the visible record before us, we can examine it, and see what it can tell us about the nature of the perception.

If the reader will glance over the record and notice the items drawn as visual images in lines he will see that they sometimes form complete objects (as in A-1, the book, and B-6, the star), and at other times they are only fragments. However, the fragments may be more valuable

in illustrating the "means" or nature of the perception.

B-5 gives the clearest example. In my role as percipient, I reproduced almost exactly a rather complicated arrangement of lines. They were not interpreted by me as any meaningful form or object. It might be suggested that somewhere below the level of consciousness I formed the idea of a flashlight, and that what I drew then followed this idea. But this particular arrangement of lines is far from having any necessary association with a flashlight. That idea would not necessarily produce such a set of lines. What is striking about the lines is their exact visual resemblance to lines on the original drawing.

There are several other examples similar to this. Among them, B-4 is of special interest. Notice that I cut the farther lens of the spectacles where it was cut in the original, dropped the lower half, and misinterpreted my fragment as a "moon." Then as a second guess I wrote "or a ball," and drew a ball. These were two separate guesses, but I placed them in the same relation to each other as the lenses of the spectacles, and I even doubled the outline of the ball just where the rim of the nearer lens was doubled.

As From a Distance . . .

THESE reproductions of fragmentary lines represent one kind of resemblance. They are something like the incomplete, often puzzling glimpses we sometimes have of objects at a distance: a bit of red or blue, oddly shaped. We can see it but cannot tell what it is until we come near enough to have the whole object in our view. I remember, for instance, that I once mistook a vivid patch of blue for a stretch of water until it moved away and I saw that it was the side of a blue truck. The patch of blue was perceived, but not understood. Or, we can say, it was a "percept" rather than a "concept."

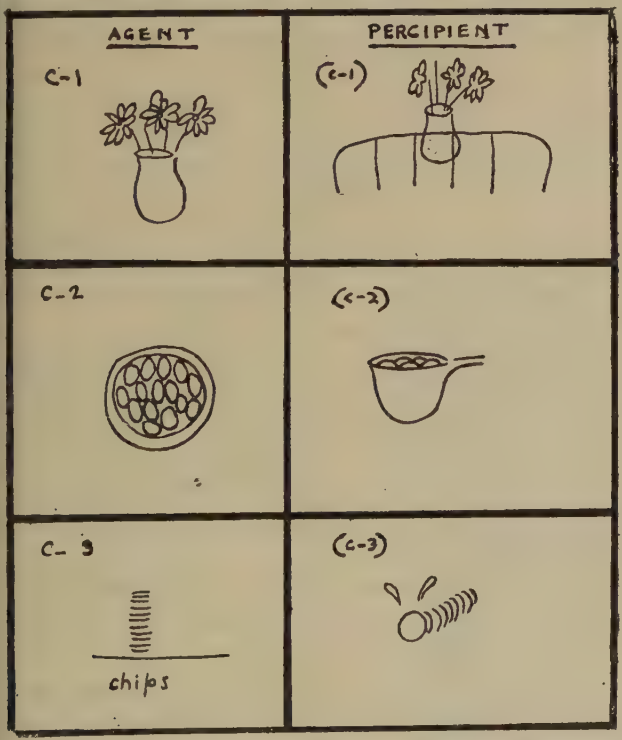
When such a thing occurs in the record of a clairvoyant experiment, this type of resemblance suggests that a tangible, "physical" transmission across space of the idea of a definite form took place, similar, perhaps to the transmission of a television picture.

But if we take another look at the record, we also find some

thing quite different: sometimes only the idea of the object is presented, but no actual lines are received.

In A-1, for instance, the idea, "book," was correct, but a different view of a book was drawn. A-2 gives the same viewpoint of the object; it was correctly named, but the object was stripped to its essentials; the result looks more like an abstract idea of "scissors" than any particular pair of scissors. C-2 and C-3 also reproduce the test objects, but from different points of view.

In the remaining cards there are several which seem to represent a groping for the idea of the object, combined with a certain purely visual resemblance of lines.



The mate for card B-1, for instance, reproduces the slanting eyes corectly, and the words "cat or some animal" are not wholly mistaken, though vague. I have already mentioned that I do not usually interpret animals correctly, but there was a theoretical reason for my not wanting to recognize this one: the friend who drew it had been badly bitten by a raccoon owned by my children while visiting us a year earlier.

The "interlocking circles" on this same card may be a visual resemblance. Such circles appeared on the back of another

card in this same experiment, not quite so regular as mine.

In A-3, "watch with a gong" is not a bad description of an alarm clock, and my fragmentary lines carried out the same idea.

In A-4 the suggestion of a lamp is strong, but it is a different kind of lamp.

B-16 and B-17 are mixed: they both contain striking visual resemblances, but also seem to be groping toward an idea of what the object may be, as illustrated by the "Xmas tree" in B-16, and by the "anchor" in B-17.

In C-1, the lines that cut across the vase of flowers call forth a possible explanation of considerable interest. The person who made the drawing sat on a bed in the room adjoining mine, and drew her picture from an actual vase of flowers. The foot of the bed cut across her view as she drew. I verified this later by sitting in the same place.

Of course, I could not learn this until after the experiment, so no conclusions can be drawn from it. But since the lines I added to the picture seem to have reflected my friend's view of the foot of the bed, they may be interpreted as an example of pure telepathy, or mind-reading, since she did not draw the lines in her own sketch of the flowers

Some Part of the Mind . . .

THERE is one advantage tha this type of experiment ha over card-calling tests: it give us an opportunity to draw con clusions as to the nature of clair voyant capacity. To be sure, they are tentative conclusions, for my experiences with clairvoyance were not of an imposing quantity, nor were they done under laboratory conditions.

Experiments in thought transference, using line drawings, have been recounted by Upton Sinclair and by Rene Warcollier. Sinclair's book, *Mental Radio* (Monrovia, Calif., 1930) was condensed in TOMORROW, Autumn, 1957, and Warcollier's book, *Mind to Mind* (New York, 1948) was condensed in TOMORROW, Winter, 1956. As far as I can judge, their reactions to such experiments were very similar to my own.

Among the resemblances in the experiments given here, some suggest transmission of a material sort — that is, transmission of physical lines unrelated to ideas. They suggest the existence

of some sensitive mechanism in the human mind, capable of receiving impressions of external objects that lie beyond the range of ordinary vision.

But if such a mechanism exists, it may be quite complex, performing various functions, for at times it also seems to reflect the thoughts and feelings of the percipient — much as if the thoughts of the viewer may also be thrown on a mental "television screen," and become part of the pictures that apparently have been transmitted across space.

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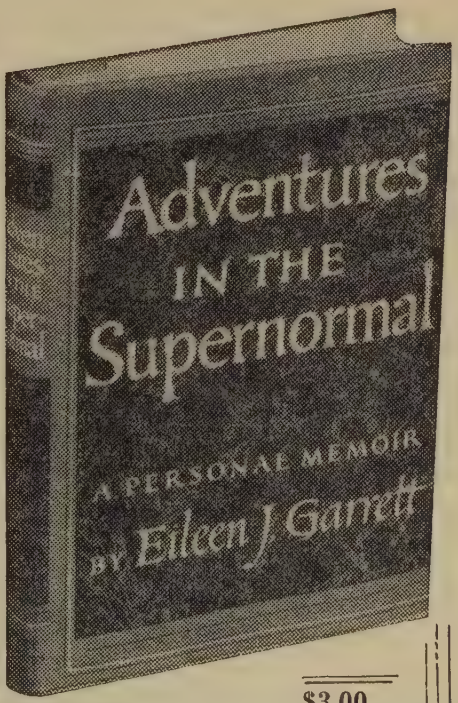

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An autobiographical novel, written in 1950, correctly told the time and place of the author's funeral two years later

HIS OWN OBITUARY

Jean Burden

HOW often does a man foresee his own funeral—down to the date, the place and the hour? It is just as well, perhaps, that not many are able to bring into present focus this inevitable future event.

However, for the German novelist, Alfred Neumann, the vision was complete, inadvertent, and seemingly unconscious. There is no evidence, according to his widow, Katharina, that he recognized it as a prediction of any kind.

It was a warm August in Hollywood, California, that year of 1950 when Alfred and Kitty Neumann, now proud American citizens after fleeing Nazi Germany, took a new apartment at the Chateau Marmont overlooking Sunset Boulevard. It was spacious enough for Alfred to write all day at his huge mahogany desk without being disturbed by the more volatile Kitty.

At last he could begin the story which had been prodding him gently for years. His own story; not strict autobiography (he was too subtle for that), but a novel growing out of his early days in Munich when he was a

reader at the famous George Miller publishing house. He might mention how he first won fame as a poet, then roused all Europe with the bold *Der Teufel* (*The Devil*) in 1928, still in print today. Perhaps he would tell (unless he chose to garble time) how he met Miller's daughter, Katharine, when she was 16, and how he told her to wait for him. (She had done so too, and as it turned out, they were separated only five days in their long married life.)

He would disguise the names. He took his pen and wrote, in the incredibly fine script for which he was famous, these words at the top of the empty page: Gregor Meister Verlag. (Verlag means *publisher*. Gregor Meister, of course, is a transparent pseudonym for George Miller.)

He would begin with the writer's funeral, and then employ the flashback device to tell his story. Slowly, carefully, he began to write. . . .

Autobigraphical Novel

A PAGE a day was Neumann's usual output. All morning he would sit at the desk, his huge, finely sculptured head bent over the white paper on which would gradually appear the tiny insect-words that only he and Kitty could ever decipher without a magnifying glass. He could hear, blurred by two closed doors, the comforting movements of his wife. The telephone seldom rang; his friends knew his habits well.

At noon he rose, stretched, called for his lunch, and he and Kitty ate together, often on the little balcony overlooking the boulevard. For an hour afterwards he slept. In the afternoon he wrote again. At 5 o'clock on the dot he took a walk, savoring what he had done that day, feeling his way into what he would write tomorrow. A serious, methodical, profound writer; a grave and tender man.

The first 135 pages of *Gregor Meister Verlag* were in the deep desk drawer when, on December 2, 1950, Alfred was seized with the first symptoms of what was later diagnosed as angina pectoris. The book was laid aside. To reduce blood pressure and remove strain from his heart, strict rest and an even stricter diet were ordered.

He accepted both with as much good grace as he could

muster. Being kept from work was bad enough, but the diet seemed impossible to him. No more sour cream, no more spiced tongue. Only vegetables and rye krisp! Kitty also went on a diet, losing 20 pounds; she was jubilant.

By February Alfred felt better. The constriction around his heart had eased; the dreadful feelings of agoraphobia abated. His European publisher had suggested a play; a film company wanted a version of *Der Teufel.* They would try a visit to Germany. Perhaps the change would be good. At least they would be able to use their European royalties, which could not be sent to the United States.

Once in Europe, Neumann worked happily on the new play. The novel was put aside, but not forgotten. One day in Munich, he said to Kitty, "I want to drive out to Waldfriedhof (a famous local cemetery—literally, "forest cemetery") and take a good look at the place, because in my novel I describe the funeral of a writer taking place there, and I'm not entirely sure of my details."

They took a taxi and Alfred made quantities of notes on little scraps of paper, stowing them carefully away in his pocket, as was his custom. Then they returned to the hotel, and the novel was not mentioned again.

In March, 1952, the old symptoms returned. Alfred entered a sanitarium in Konstanz, to stay two months. He left in May, but he was a broken man. With Kitty he tried the climate of Switzerland, staying in the little town of Lugano. One day in September, walking slowly through the streets, Alfred pointed to an urn displayed in a shop window. "I'll need one of those very soon," he said.

The Same Urn

LESS than a month later, on October 2, 1952, Alfred Neumann died in a sanitarium above Lugano, and the world of letters mourned.

Kitty, almost beside herself with grief, was busy with funeral arrangements. Alfred had left orders that he wished to be cremated. The man in charge of cremations in Lugano told Kitty to buy an urn, jotting down an address for her, which she in turn gave to a cab driver. She barely noted where they drove. Suddenly she looked up. The cab had stopped in front of the

very shop Alfred had noticed a few weeks before. With knees shaking, Kitty stumbled into the shop. She bought the very urn he had pointed to a few weeks before.

But the real climax came later.

In November Kitty brought Alfred's ashes back to Munich for burial. With a friend she drove out to Waldfriedhof to look for a grave. After selecting one, she asked the man at the desk when the interment could take place. They decided on Thursday, the 20th of November. The man stated that an urn interment could take place only in the morning. He asked, "Would eleven be all right?" Kitty nodded. "Eleven o'clock is just fine." The services took place as scheduled.

For the next couple of months Kitty was kept mercifully busy answering the hundreds of condolence letters that poured in from all over the world. She received more than 1,700, and with the help of a secretary she answered them all. Then, in January, she began to go through Alfred's papers.

It wasn't long before she found, neatly stowed away, the manuscript fragment of his novel, *Gregor Meister Verlag.* Slowly, she began to decipher the spidery script, dictating to her secretary. Odd, she thought, that she had never read it before. Alfred had always read his novels to her, chapter by chapter, feeding on her enthusiasm and response. But not a word of this story had she ever seen.

"Chapter I." she read. "The Funeral."

The opening scene was the bedroom of the famous publisher, Gregor Meister. His daughter had brought him the mail and breakfast, as was her custom. (Kitty smiled as she recognized her father and herself.) Establishing the characters and the time of year as November, Neumann used dialogue to get his story under way.

"And by the way, Father, there is the funeral at 11:00 *at Waldfriedhof." Now he looked very pained and distressed, almost like somebody who is near death, with a face made out of chalk, but already like crumbs. He said, "This man does this to me, too! Really it is too much."*

These were senseless and cruel words against death in general which took away so many lives in the last two years, and against

the dead man especially who was about to be buried because this fellow was the most honored author of the publishing firm, with the greatest number of titles, awards, ribbons, etc.

But only the daughter who was very close to the father and very familiar with the expression of his face heard the right sense out of this confused talk. It was not as nasty as it sounded. The reason he talked like that was not because his earning had stopped now that the writer had died, but rather in its own language it was nothing but the complaint about the loss of at least two working hours, and a certain shyness before too solemn things. "You can be back shortly after one o'clock," consoled Christa. She made a little pause, and added casually, "Today is November 20."

As Kitty read these words she screamed, and the secretary jumped to her feet in alarm. "What is it, Frau Neumann?" she asked in distress. But Kitty, sobbing into her hands, could not answer. Her beloved Alfred, more than two years before his death, and months before even the first sign of his illness, had predicted his own funeral—at the Munich Waldfriedhof, November 20, at 11:00 A.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Documentation of the preceding article is on file at TOMORROW. *It consists of segments of Alfred Neumann's original manuscript of his novel* Gregor Meister Verlag; *a report of the United States Consulate at Zurich concerning his death; a local newspaper account; a certificate of the City Burial Service, concerning the date and place of his burial.*

"Noisy ghost" cases through history, the mysteries of Egypt, and a summary of present psychic knowledge are examined here

BOOKS IN REVIEW: PUZZLING POLTERGEISTS

Eileen J. Garrett

POLTERGEISTS: Fact or Fancy. By Sacheverell Sitwell. New York: University Books. 1959. 418 *pp.* $5.75.

POLTERGEISTS, *Fact or Fancy,* a book by Sacheverell Sitwell, commences with a foreword by the author which contains a leisurely introduction to the subject, and an examination of some of the well known poltergeist occurrences.

For those who are not too familiar with poltergeist phenomena, it should be noted that this is a "racketing spirit" that arrives at a house, usually with no known explanation, and commences to throw objects around the rooms. It sometimes breaks furniture, makes uncanny noises, causes explosions and fires, and generally upsets the unsuspecting adults of the family upon whom it thrusts itself and temporarily operates in most mischievious fashion. The visit may last for weeks or even months. Finally, the energy fades out and peace is again restored.

Whatever the psychological explanation behind the mystery of these unhappy ghosts may be, it

is true that psychic researchers have not yet arrived at any positive conclusions.

It may be noted, however, that the outbreak often coincides with the onset of puberty; hence, some sexual pathological changes may account for the trouble. This again, however, cannot be wholly accepted since this reviewer has seen disturbances take place in the house of very aged, though not necessarily mature, persons.

The elements present in all such disturbances make poltergeist phenomena the villain of the piece within all psychic phenomena. The cases reviewed in the book are well chosen instances of these noisy and disturbing influences. Many of these occurrences are contained in the annals of the psychic research societies and are therefore well attested. However, the general run of readers, who may not be aware that such proceedings exist, will find that the book offers fascinating reading, and is delightfully written.

The author does not offer any explanations for poltergeist phenomena, but tells the stories leaving the reader to arrive at his own explanation.

For those who would read more about poltergeist phenomena, the author has wisely given a list of the references from which these have been derived.

Shadows of Ancient Egypt?

THE SACRED MUSHROOM: Key to the Door of Eternity. By Andrija Puharich. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1959. 262 *pp.* $4.50.

THE author, a physician who until very recently directed the Round Table Foundation at Glen Cove, Maine, reports in this volume on the aspect of his researches: the mushroom *Amanita muscaria*, its occult history and apparently unique qualities. Dr. Puharich undertook a search for this mushroom after one of his associates, Netherlands-born Harry Stone, manifested an alleged ancient Egyptian persona

ity, Ra Ho Tep, while in a trance state.

While in trance, Mr. Stone spoke and wrote what Dr. Puharich indentifies as "strange messages in the ancient Egyptian language." These utterances pointed toward what the author describes as "a secret and sacred-mushroom cult."

After about three years of such trance communications, a climax was reached on August 7, 1955, when Mr. Stone placed pieces of the mushroom on his tongue and rubbed some of it "into the scalp at the site known as the Aperture of Brahma." Under these conditions, Dr. Puharich states, "the inebriating power of the mushroom and the increase of telepathic acuity of Harry Stone" were revealed. He adds:

"Although there will be some controversy, and much time will pass, I am reasonably sure that diligent scholarship will eventually uncover further confirmation of the hints given by the Ra Ho Tep personality for the existence of a sacred-mushroom cult in ancient Egypt."

Dr. Puharich also states: "I had done everything within my means and ability to rule out the possibility of fraud or delusion on the part of Harry Stone during the manifestation of the Ra Ho Tep personality. I was finally satisfied, after three years of investigation, that he was an innocent agent in the transmission of intelligence in the ancient Egyptian language."

Center of Consciousness

DR. Puharich notes that individuals who did not show extra-sensory powers under general conditions also did not show such powers after small doses of *Amanita muscaria* were given to them. The author examines various hypotheses for the phenomena narrated in this book. He concludes that "a mobile center of consciousness, or MCC for short" may exist outside a person's physical body and that this may be proven experimentally.

The writer expresses puzzlement regarding the manifestations of the Ra Ho Tep personality: "But it is difficult for me to understand why, if he died forty-seven hundred years ago, there is no other record of his manifestation before or elsewhere. And why was he limited in expression by Harry's knowledge of the English language and his personal knowledge of ancient Egyptian?"

Dr. Puharich believes that both "discarnate" and "carnate" intelligences exist, but that "to understand one of them fully, we have to face squarely the existence of both phases" and enlarge "ou understanding by earnestly studying both, and thereby mov toward the underlying reality."

M.E

Beyond the Normal

Reviewed by Florence Edsal

THE SIXTH SENSE, An Inquiry into Extra-Sensory Perception. By Rosalind Heywood. London: Chatto & Windus. 224 *pp.* 21*s.*

THIS beautifully integrated book is objective, clear, and direct. Actually it is a presentation of facts, artfully chosen for their ability to speak for themselves. It is in the author's selectivity that her art lies. Only someone thoroughly familiar with the puzzles and pitfalls of this fantastic area could have chosen with such precision and good judgment.

Many who have had psychic experiences themselves allow the emotions these strange incidents arouse to impair their judgment and cloud their critical faculties. Toward the end of the book, the author tells in a most matter o fact way one incident of E.S.P she herself experienced. Yet th whole book bears witness to th fact that experiences such at thi one and subsequent exciting ex periments with drugs that induc extra-sensory psychic experience had the sole effect with her o stimulating to even greater in terest a highly aware and in quiring mind. For years a mem ber of the Council of the Britis Society for Psychical Researcl she knows its history, the record of its experiments, failures an achievements well. It is fro these copious records she ha chosen so wisely.

Precision and good judgmer are rare at best, especially amon writers who choose to explor (all too often, unfortunately, "t exploit") the field of psychi

phenomena. For this reason alone Mrs. Heywood's *The Sixth Sense* is an ideal book for intelligent "doubting Thomases," interested in an introduction to psychic research. Not once does the author indulge in the spectacular or in trumped-up "proof"; nor does she step into the picture herself to do a selling job. From start to finish the book's objectivity and competence win and hold the respect of the intelligent reader.

"Psychic Jigsaw Puzzle"

ONE outstanding feature of the book is its handling of the famous *cross correspondences*. Over a period of thirty years these puzzling communications came through by way of various mediums in different parts of the world. The apparently meaningless jigsaw pieces fit together into intelligible wholes, reputedly highly revelatory of the deceased personalities who claimed to originate them.

The published portions of these correspondences fill volumes, yet they are only a small part of the three thousand original scripts. Many were so personal that their publication would have violated the privacy of certain persons still living. As Mrs. Heywood so judiciously points out, "Without all three thousand original documents, no final assessment of their value can be made." Yet most readers will come away from her brief, conservative report with a strong, if begrudging, admission that something most strange and most convincing is revealed here.

Few have the time, patience, and skill to study these voluminous records with the meticulous care necessary if their gist is to be conveyed to others. Mrs. Heywood's exposition of the *cross correspondences* is the clearest and most interesting resume ever to come to the attention of this reviewer.

Not the least intriguing part of this fascinating factual book is the Appendix. Here the author's ability to go with sureness to the heart of the matter and to express essentials with clarity and exactness performs for the reader a miracle of compression. In just short of thirty-four pages, under the heading, "Some Explanations and Hypotheses," she gives in essence the most exciting of the thought and surmise of the best minds in this field.

"The fairest thing we can experience is the mysterious. It is the fundamental emotion which stands at the cradle of true science. He who knows it not, and can no longer wonder, no longer feel amazement, is as good as dead."

— ALBERT EINSTEIN

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Two Finnish women, about to go to their apartment by elevator, were spoken to by the former President—dead for four months

THE PAASIKIVI APPARITION

Jarl Fahler

IN Helsinki, Finland, one morning in April 1957, I received a phone call from a woman who told me with an excitement bordering on hysteria that the day before she had seen the living figure of Dr. Juho Kusti Paasikivi, former President and Premier of Finland, for more than sixty years the nation's greatest public figure, the man who personified the Finnish character so thoroughly that he seemed an indestructible part of the country. But Paasikivi had died at the age of eighty-six in Helsinki, December 14, 1956, and Finland had immediately gone into deep mourning as the press of the world eulogized this immense symbol of the small northern country. Why, then, after four months, on April 20, 1957, to be precise, this excited woman's voice telling me that she had seen the late President? I might have brushed it off firmly and courteously and gone on with my work, but the woman who called me was Mrs. E. Sinisalo, who had worked well with me on many experiments in hypnosis for the past five years. I listened carefully and recorded the following report from her in my notebook:

"Yesterday, on Good Friday—and, believe me, every word is

true, so you must believe me—I saw the dead President Paasikivi, and he was as alive as you are, just as if you were looking at me now and I were looking at you."

She was almost incoherently excited and I therefore found it necessary to interrupt her and calm her. Succeeding to some extent, I asked her to continue as quietly and deliberately as possible, giving me all the details from the beginning.

Elevator Apparition

SHE began again, slowly.

"Yesterday, April 19, 1957, about six-thirty in the evening, I was with Mrs. M., the sister of my mother-in-law, at 62 Mannerheim Street in Helsinki. We were on the way to visit my parents-in-law, as has been my custom on all Holy Days. They have an apartment on the fifth floor of the building we entered. The moment we were inside, as we approached the elevator, we both saw President Paasikivi standing there outside the closed elevator door. Since he, the President, did not open the door, I did, expecting him to precede us into the elevator. But he waited for us to enter first, saying with some gallantry, 'After you, ladies, please! (Finnish: Rouvat ovat Hyvat!') He looked a little younger and thinner than when I had last seen him. But he still spoke in the big, almost raucous voice for which he was famous.

"That was the voice Mrs. M. and I heard as we saw him so completely alive in that slow-moving elevator with the push buttons for each floor. I do not know why, but it stopped at the fourth floor. When the President did not open the door, I passed by him in the narrow car and opened the door for him. In that moment, just before he left, he said—again in the familiar raucous voice, 'Ladies, you must certainly be wondering why I am here when I should be in the grave. But it is really so!' (Finnish: Rouvat ihmettelevät varmasti kuinka minä olen tässä vaikka minun pitäisi olla haudassa. Mutta näin vain on!) Neither Mrs. M. nor I had pushed the button for the fourth floor and we still do not know why it stopped there while we stood alone with Paasikivi. Mrs. M. wanted to leave at the fourth floor also, but I told her we had to continue to the fifth floor.

"Paasikivi was so much alive there in the elevator with us that we did not realize until later, when he had disappeared, that he was a dead man. Later, recalling the incident, Mrs. M. was horrified, as was I. And then I remembered another thing, Paasikivi standing there on the fourth floor, after getting out of the elevator, and smiling at us through the glass door. And then he was gone! I did not sleep that night. Mrs. M. remained in a state of shock and I tried to quiet her. She is still very upset."

This is the account Mrs. Sinisalo gave me and which I entered verbatim in my notebook April 20, 1957, 10 A.M. Later, talking to other persons with whom Mrs. Sinisalo and Mrs. M. had spoken, including the parents-in-law on the fifth floor and two others who were there with the in-laws, Mrs. Sinisalo's account was further confirmed.

As I thought more about the story of the Paasikivi apparition, I knew I would have to investigate it further, to elicit more facts, if possible, from Mrs. Sinisalo. Therefore, almost two months later, on June 17, I placed her into a hypnotic state and "regressed" her to April 19, 1957. I asked her again to describe all that occurred at the time of the Paasikivi meeting and tape recorded her words. Comparing notes of the telephone conversation and the tape recording, I found almost complete agreement in every important detail. Under hypnosis, Mrs. Sinisalo added these remarks:

"I have since then visited my parents-in-law many times, and each time I have had the curious feeling that I will perhaps meet Paasikivi again. I do not understand that feeling in me. Nor do I understand why I saw him after his death. But he smiled so kindly and I did not quite realize that he was a dead man until he announced it himself. When I think about his kind smile, I am no longer afraid. But I still think it is curious that neither Aunt Maja (Mrs. M.) nor I remembered when we were in the elevator with him that we knew Paasikivi was dead."

Seen by Two Persons

THIS experience, where two persons have seen and heard the same thing at the same time, suggests varied explanations. There is always the possibility

that Mrs. Sinisalo experienced a hallucination in which she saw and heard Paasikivi, and then by psychokinesis influenced Mrs. M. to see and hear Paasikivi in the same manner. This would of course have been an unconscious process which is not uncommon in the history of psychic experiences.

Then there is the possibility that Paasikivi's apparition had some kind of an existence of its own and manifested itself by sight and sound simultaneously to Mrs. Sinisalo and her friend.

Finally, there is the possibility that the late President survived for these ladies—and perhaps for many others throughout Finland—in a manner that created these realistic hallucinations. We must point out again that Paasikivi had for so long been a powerful symbol of Finland, such a strong and protective figure through every vicissitude of modern Finnish history, that his death shocked the whole nation and probably frightened thousands who could not for a time accept the reality of his death.

Something comparable occurred in the United States when President Franklin D. Roosevelt died in 1945; and it is said that when Queen Victoria died in 1901, after sixty-four years as the British Empire's monarch, Englishmen everywhere found it difficult to accept the fact. Throughout history there are other great protective figures whose death so shocks their people that the more ardent and suggestible ones among them are subject for a time—and understandably so—to the type of hallucination which may explain the Paasikivi apparition of 1957.

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Healing the sick, observing rites to find the cause of death, and foretelling the future are everyday work for medicine men

AFRICA'S UNSEEN WORLD

Wilfrid D. Hambly

IN a lonely and secluded part of the beautiful mountains that cover central Angola, also known as Portuguese West Africa, I was walking with my interpreter, Ngonga, who spoke English and Portuguese in addition to his own language, *Umbundu*, for he had been educated at an American Mission School. Suddenly he paused, placed a restraining hand on my arm, and said "Quiet, we have something here of great interest."

Glancing ahead I saw four drummers skillfully playing a compound rhythm and, some thirty feet from the musicians in the shade of a tree, a group of people who marked time by clapping their hands. Meanwhile they chanted again and again, "God has cheated me of a life."

Then I saw a strange sight, a wooden box covered with thin blue cloth, supported on a pole, the ends of which rested on the shoulders of two bearers. These men were immovable except for the changing of the pole from one shoulder to the other. At intervals, women came from the audience to dance in front of the pole-supported casket. The corpse was that of a boy of about twelve years of age; the object of the

ceremony was inquiry into the cause of his death.

The first person to approach the casket was a female relative of the deceased who inquired earnestly about the cause of death. Ngonga whispered, "She is trying to give him sense to tell us all about it."

The woman retired and a male relative of the deceased took her place. He held up a platter containing food, and clearly said, "Today, my boy, we want you to make us glad, and to tell us all that took you from earth."

The bearers remained motionless with their eyes directed to the ground. My interpreter told me to watch for a forward or a backward movement of the pole on their shoulders. I could see no movement of the pole, but Ngonga—and here is an interesting instance of the power of suggestion and expectancy—said that the pole moved backward in reply to questions made by the male relative. The questions were numerous, but two were of particular interest: "Were you poisoned?" and "Were you killed by sorcery?"

Ngonga said that, if the reply to such a question had been positive, there would have been a special inquiry to find the guilty person, in past times. A medicine man would have supervised a poison ordeal at which several suspects, named by the medicine man, would have to drink a poisoned draught or eat a poisoned potato. The innocent would be able to vomit, but a guilty person would be unable to do so and possibly might die unless he confessed.

Finally, the observers seemed convinced that there had been no foul play, and all agreed that the pole had moved forward, thus answering "yes" when the interrogator asked, "Did you die from a pain in the belly?"

Spiritual Counterpart

THE Ovimbundu, in common with many African tribes, believe that all people have a spiritual counterpart (a soul?) that survives death. But the spirits may visit the world of the living quite freely, and they do so for good or evil. The ancestral spirits are of supreme importance, for they require sacrifice and prayer. On the other hand, *Suku*, the supreme being and creator of men and all things, is too remote to concern himself with worldly affairs.

The idea of survival after death is connected with the idea of reincarnation, sometimes in the form of an animal. Ngonga said, "If a lion kills a man it is a sign that there is a bad spirit from that man's family within the lion."

In such a case the medicine man would perform acts of divination to discover the name of the ancestor who had been deprived of petition and sacrificial offerings.

Good people become benevolent spirits working for human welfare, but bad people turn into evil spirits who cause sickness of human beings, failure of crops and diseases of cattle. The idea of the god Suku seems to carry with it no moral precepts and obligations, he issues no commands, nor is he thought of in connection with rewards and punishments after death. The good spirits are called *olosande,* and the evil spirits are *olondele.*

Ngonga told me, "The word *ekandu* has a meaning like 'sin.' *Ekandu* means to do harm. It is *ekandu* to marry or have sexual relations within the scheme of prohibited relationships. To steal is *ekandu,* so is adultery; a minor *ekandu* is the sending of a stranger in the wrong direction."

So, the ideas of *ekandu* act as taboos, or as a system of moral laws for everyday guidance.

There is no special magical aid for communal hunting, usually for small antelope, but the professional hunter who is trained from early boyhood relies directly on the ghosts of deceased hunters for maintenance of his skill and courage. I entered a small thatched hut, not differing greatly from the ordinary dwelling, and when my eyes grew accustomed to the change from tropical sunshine to total darkness, I observed that the interior walls were decorated with bows, arrows and spears—the weapons of hunters of courage and prowess.

In the center of the floor was a small heap of glowing charcoal, constantly maintained in honor of the ghosts that dwelt in the weapons. The hunter who accompanied me had with him a youth who had shared his hunting exploits for several years. The novice was nervous as he stood still and was ordered by the hunter to remain so until he felt "spirit in the head." Presently the mystery of the surroundings took effect and the youth ad-

vanced slowly toward the suspended bows. The young man carried small pottery vessels containing beer of home brewing, also honey gathered from wild bees, and these little offerings to the spirits of dead hunters he reverently smeared over the ancient weapons.

A final rite was a public dance conducted by hunters only, though the public was present, and at the end of the ceremonies there were loud cries of, *"Ukongo! Ukongo!"*—a hunter! a hunter!

The blacksmith, too, depends on mystical influence for skill in his craft. After several years of apprenticeship the novice stands on the anvil at a public ceremony. Before him are several tools made by the master blacksmith, who kills a chicken and anoints the tools with blood. In some instances the ritual includes sacrifice of a pup and a goat.

The master then says to the boy, "You may speak and tell us what name you want."

Perhaps the boy will say, "I am Ndumbu"; the spectators then clap hands and the women will make a trilling noise with fingers in their open mouths.

My interpreter said with unconscious humor, "The boy must now work hard and people must pay him. He used to work hard but the master took the money."

At the side of an anvil at every smithy there is a wooden male figure. This holds the patron spirit who blesses the work.

The idea of magical aid enters most occupations. I noticed that before female potters dug clay from a pit for the first time there was a simple ceremony. A medicine man killed a chicken and sprinkled the blood over the clay. Probably the basic idea is a sacrifice to those spirits who are interested in making pottery. Ghosts are undoubtedly concerned with even the minor interests of the living.

"Medicine Man" At Work

THE title "medicine man" is not a fully satisfactory term for a man who acts as an intermediary between the world of the living and of the dead and who also serves many other functions. It is true that certain practitioners might be correctly described as medicine men, for their chief function is to care for the sick. One may observe old men who walk through fields and woods, climb far into the hills, pause now and then to cut cer-

tain herbs or to remove a portion of bark or some leaves from a tree. If we were to follow him home, we would also notice the bunches of curative herbs outside and inside his hut. His pharmacopoeia has so far been little studied in a scientific way; possibly some of the herbs do have a curative value, though, of course, they are made truly effective with the utterance of blessings and the presentation of simple charms to be worn.

When a woman finds that she is pregnant, she makes an infusion prepared from bark fiber under the direction of a medicine man, to aid delivery. Her diet is restricted, for certain foods are believed to affect the growth of the foetus. Eating the flesh of a hare is supposed to give the baby a split lip. A meal of the flesh of an owl will supposedly produce round staring eyes like those of an owl. During pregnancy the medicine man (or medicine woman) will paint various designs on the face and abdomen of the expectant mother; the designs are usually in dots and lines of white and red pigments, made from colored earths.

There are several magical rites by which a woman who has borne only girls may secure male births, provided she can meet an expectant mother who has had only boys and desires a girl. The simplest way is to exchange belts. The belt is a fiber girdle which holds a petticoat. A second way is to exchange meals through a hole in the wall of a hut. The women may not see or speak to each other, there is only an exchange of platters.

Still another method of influencing sex in the unborn is an exchange of articles. A woman who has borne only boys gives to the mother of girls an arrow, a knife, a bow and an ax, which are the symbols of manhood. The mother of girls gives in return a pounder for mashing corn, a broom, a grain tray and a field basket, which are the symbols of female activity.

So, in some mysterious manner, the sex of the unborn is assured. When magic fails in any enterprise the inference is that some ill-disposed person has worked counter magic. When a female child is born, the umbilical cord is cut with a hoe to ensure skill in field work, for women are the agriculturists. The cord of a newly born boy is cut with an arrowhead for success in hunting.

In many parts of Africa, mul-ple births are regarded with horror that has led to murder f one or all the infants, and pos-bly of the mother as well. How-ver, the Ovimbundu have no islike of twins or triplets.

A married woman will wear a eather necklace with cowrie nells attached to it, to ensure er fertility. These small white nells are symbols of fecundity; ne necklace is deemed particu-rly effective if it was a gift from very fertile woman, especially ne mother of the wearer.

onversing With Ghosts

SINCE the name medicine man implies the primary nction of healing the sick, I ould prefer to use the name *cimbanda,* which includes all ossible activities, such as con-ersing with the ghosts of an-estors, divination and forecast-g the future, supervising trial poison ordeals, and making ew fire for ceremonial purposes. Ngonga said that any male or male who wishes to be an *ocim-nda* must feel "spirit in the ead," a kind of mystic influence d' prompting. Among the vimbundu there is no period training in seclusion with se-mi-starvation, two common prac-tices among primitive tribes. An *ocimbanda* is usually the one to select a boy who has the right mental attitude. The *ocimbanda* says to the boy, who is sick and pensive, "You have a spirit who wants you to be an *ocimbanda.*"

There is a dedication sacrifice of chickens, a goat and a dog, after which the novice follows the *ocimbanda,* carries his drum and divination apparatus, and gives full obedience. A novice is not of necessity the son of an *ocimbanda,* though his master may say, "Your father was an *ocimbanda* and his spirit wants you."

A female *ocimbanda* is called *cambula* and she is the person who directs delivery of children. If labor is prolonged, the *cambula* demands that doors, boxes, and anything that is tied be opened so that all constriction is released. She may also attribute difficult delivery to unfaithfulness, and urge the mother to confess the name of her lover.

The reputation of an *ocimban-da* may spread widely. Frequent-ly a journey of several miles will be made to bring in a practition-er, even though there are local healers. The people retain faith

in their own medicine men. I recall an instance in which a man was dying from snake-bite, in a mission hospital. The doctor told me there was slight hope of recovery, but the chances might have been good except for the delay of three days while the local, tribal magician had treated the patient.

Magical practices are of two kinds: those that work for the good of the tribe or benefit of a person, and, on the contrary, certain magical acts designed to cause distress and even death. For the worker of evil there is the special name *onganga*. The use of a special name is important, as it shows that a distinction is mentally recognized.

The magical procedure for discovering the cause of an event, of foretelling the future or of giving a remedy for a misfortune is to use a basket that contains symbolic objects. I looked into one of these baskets and observed a score of small carvings and other objects of great variety. While an assistant played on a little drum, the *ocimbanda* shook the basket gently to and fro and then examined the contents earnestly, to see which object had come to the top.

On this occasion, the *ocim banda* picked out a little wood figure with beads round its nec and said to the woman who w consulting him, "There is sic ness in your home because th ghost of one of your dead chi dren wishes to come back. Yo must have more children." (I cidentally, the birth rate is hig but the death rate of childre under three years of age is co siderable. Probably half the nun ber of children born, die in th early period.)

Two figures, male and femal whispering together, suggest planning to poison someone. female figure with a large abd men indicates that the spirit a deceased, pregnant woman disturbing the family with sic ness and misfortune. The remed is sacrifice and petition to th spirit. A little horn with she on may come to the top of t basket and that is an indicati that a consulting woman will barren; but there is hope of f tility if she wears the charms a drinks the potions supplied the *ocimbanda*.

A little wooden snake, mu twisted, suggests contortion fr pain. Small, round shells s ing to the top of the basket

icate a happy future for the onsultant. If one twin has died, he bereaved mother receives a ttle wooden doll from the *ocimanda*. This the mother has to urse along with her living child; therwise, the surviving twin vould die from loneliness.

A small tin box containing a oin and some stones will be rated vigorously while the names f persons whom the *ocimbanda* ninks might be petty thieves are nentioned. The diviner holds he box close to his ear and laims he can tell which of the uspects is guilty by the kind of oise he hears.

A large horn of an antelope vill be filled with fat and charoal and stood upright near a nave camp. The contents are nade to smoulder and the fumes eep away thieves and wild anials. In another basket I saw ortions of a human leg bone, ne scrapings of which are conidered to be potent healing nedicine.

Ocimbandas at times play an ctive part by dancing with vigr. One practitioner flourished little ax to drive away the spirit f sickness. Another, whose funcon was making rain, pranced vildly while he flourished above his head a switch made from a cow's tail. He flung his arms wildly, reaching high above his head, and going through the motions of drawing down rain and spreading it over the land.

On two occasions I witnessed a medicine woman use the cupping method to cure pain. She took a horn of antelope which had a hole at the pointed end and in her mouth she placed a pellet of wax. A cut was made in the sick person at the site of pain, and over this she placed the wide end of the hollow horn. She then sucked the narrow end of the horn and removed the air, thereby setting up a vacuum. Then she used her tongue to push the wax pellet into the hole at the end of the horn.

I was astonished at the range of ideas that might be classed as spiritual beliefs. After living among the Ovimbundu for six months, I felt sure that, during three centuries of Portuguese influence, these Africans have retained the essentials of their own occult and mystic background.

The fact that their ideas do not coincide with our own in no way denies the value of those concepts for their own peculiar culture.

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THE PROBLEM OF DIVINATION

BOOK *from the Middle Ages,* Sanctum Regum, *gives instructions to those who would wish to make a pact with the devil and thereby gain the ability to divine the presence of buried treasure: "Two days before the conjuration, you must cut a bough from a wild hazel tree with a new knife, that has never before been used. It must be a bough which has never carried fruit, and it must be cut at the very moment when the sun rises over the horizon."*

After various other rites, including the summoning of one of the lesser demons, the treasure-seeker may step from the "magic circle" he has drawn and, with the power he has gained, the hazel rod will supposedly lead him to treasure. (*Kurt Seligmann:* The Mirror of Magic, *New York,* 1948.)

Although pacts with and belief in the devil have virtually disappeared in our age, the belief that a hazel or peach branch (or any of various other aids, such as a crystal ball, a medal suspended from a gold chain, etc.) can help a seeker find minerals, objects or knowledge has not disappeared.

Whether there is an effect in the rod or implement itself, whether the practice is a means of expressing the extra-sensory abilities of the diviner, whether the reaction may be compared to an "allergy" to cer-

tain minerals or substances (as suggested by Count Carl Von Klinc kowstroem in the Journal of Parapsychology, *March,* 1959) *or whethe the ability to point out the best place to drill a well which will produc water is based on the upbringing of a man in the fields, noting (a Thomas Riddick points out in the* Proceedings of the American Phil osophical Society, *October,* 1952) *"the watersheds, dikes, springs, sand and gravel formations and the outcropping rock ledges," is knowledg that is still in doubt.*

Dowsing and divination are also of interest to parapsychologists Therefore, in the following pages, Tomorrow *presents a symposium devoted to water and mineral dowsing, with pertinent references t divination in general.*

HISTORICAL DOWSERS

Paul Tabor

FOR centuries it has been man's dream to utilize extra-sensory perception for the discovery of precious metals, hidden treasure or water under the earth. The dispute still rages whether this is possible and whether results achieved by dowsers and diviners have been due to accident or some occult power.

The Rouen attorney, Royer, published his *Traité des influences et des vertus occultes de êtres terrestres* (Treatise on th influences and occult qualities o mundane beings) in 1677. H pointed to the possibility of us ing the divining rod to catc criminals. Sixteen years late de Vallemont described in hi book, *La physique occulte,* i great detail how the tracks c criminals were followed with th divining rod; the illustration o

e title page of the book shows istice holding not her usual ales but a forked twig.

In the centuries that have ssed, we failed to solve the ddle of the divining rod; today, wever, science views these phe-mena as worthy of investiga-on. More exact results are now hieved than a hundred and rty years ago, when the Munich cademy of Sciences deputed its ysicist members to investigate e matter.

We all remember the account the Old Testament that Moses note the rock and provided wa-r for the people of Israel who ere dying of thirst. This sug-sts that the divining rod's abi-y to indicate underground ater courses was known in the m past. It is not surprising hen we find on the clay tablets Nineveh a goddess called "the istress of the Magic Staff." The ythians and Tartars practiced abdomancy, divination by rods wands, the same practice that spired the plaintive cry of the ophet Hosea: "My people ask unsel at their stocks, and their aff declareth unto them." Taci-s tells us that the Germans ed the same methods, and the ord "to divine" (*wünschen*) was the equivalent of "to practice magic" (zaubern). Out of this the divining rod, or *Wünschelrute*, derived.

It is mentioned in the Nibelung Saga where the dowsing rod is of pure gold and in another passage it is stated that the owner of such a rod is master of everyone all over the world. The lore of the divining rod, which helped to find buried treasure, veins of silver and gold and underground springs, was developed, treasured and passed on from generation to generation—especially among miners. They considered a forked twig of hazel, cut at Midsummer Night under special ceremonies as most suitable for such work; such a rod was held in both hands, at the end of the fork, so the handle of the rod could point at hidden treasure or water.

One of the most enlightened spirits of the seventeenth century, Athanasius Kircher, invented the magic lantern and taught mathematics and Hebrew at the College of Rome before devoting himself to the study of hieroglyphics and archaeology. He spoke of the possibility of discovering hidden things with the divining rod (called *virgula*

divina) as of an established fact.

At the beginning of the eighteenth century fat and learned tomes were published about it, trying to explain the movement of the rod by the influence of tiny "bodies" exuded by the hidden objects or by the Cartesian "little elementals."

Italian and German physicists attempted to examine and analyze reported cases. They arrived at the theory of an "electrometic power" which is awakened in especially sensitive persons by veins of metal or underground, moving water. This influence was supposed to manifest itself not only through the movements of the rod or twig held in the hand but also in physical sensations, even in convulsions.

The Italian dowser, Campetti, was internationally famous. He took part in the Munich experiments at the beginning of the nineteenth century and used not only twigs of wood but also the "bipolar cylinder," a metal stick held between thumb and index finger and "Siderian scales," a piece of coal or pyrite suspended on a thread which was supposed to start moving under the influence of hidden metals or running water.

In 1905 it caused some sensation in Germany that well-known, serious scientists began to occupy themselves with the problems of dowsing and even official circles took an interest in them. When the Kaiser's Germany prepared the colonization of German South West Africa and the native geologists could not solve the problem of water supply, William II intervened and sent Herr von Uslar, an agricultural counselor, to Africa. During two years of extremely arduous work he succeeded in indicating the presence of underground wells and streams at almost eight hundred different places. In about sixty per cent of the dowsing indications, they found water in the exact spot; in about one quarter of the sites the data given by von Uslar as to the depth of the necessary boring were also correct.

Use In Wartime

DURING the First World War dowsers were used for special purposes especially after the Austrian Colonel Karl Beichl succeeded in locating Serbian mines in the Danube and Sava rivers with his divining rod. This was a sort of "psychic mine detection

vhich of course became unnecesary when modern mine detectors were developed and proved bout seventy per cent effective. But already during the 1914-1918 var Major Otto von Graeve had ucceeded in finding water in the Sinai desert where neither engineers nor geologists had succeeded. He used the divining od and subsequent borings, carried out by the British, justified his claims in every instance. In our own days the Israelis have used dowsers with signal success n the Negev.

It cannot be doubted that the livining rod produces certain novements above different underground formations; but it s equally certain that quite often he rod does not react when here are established deposits of netals or bodies of water under he earth. It is the same with he Siderian scales which were used in ancient times for fortune-elling tricks and were a favorite nstrument of medieval miners, exploring for metals. The pendulum oracle was used by letting a gold ring swing on a thread over a metal vessel which had the letters of the alphabet etched along its rim at equal distance from each other. The letters over which it was swinging were written down and combined into words.

Another form of the Siderian scales oracle, the hydromancy, consisted of letting the ring swing over a container filled with consecrated water and jotting down the letters, spoken aloud, at which the swinging stopped or became stronger, here, too, the combination of letters provided the oracle.

Karl Reichenbach, the German natural philosopher and industrialist (1788-1869), who discovered creosote and paraffin in wood tar, also conducted researches on what he called "od," an alleged force or natural power he supposed to produce the phenomenon of hypnotism. Reichenbach was a highly trained and accurate observer even if he sometimes drew the wrong conclusions from his observations. He thought that the Siderian scales represented a natural phenomenon of the highest possible scientific importance and prophesied a most fruitful future for their use.

Reichenbach said that a suspended ring, hanging about three inches above a body or substance, described definite circular

movements according to the chemical nature of the body—for instance, it moved in a circle above gold and in an ellipse above silver; the circle corresponded to the male and the ellipse to the female sex. Reichenbach assumed that all bodies gave off an emanation which did not reduce their weight, could pass through glass and had a motive influence upon the pendulum.

Photographs and handwriting were supposed to excite similar movements of the scales, and if held above the photographs of sick people, the experimenter holding the pendulum was said to feel pains in his arms and even to have trouble breathing.

Divining rod and Siderian scales belong to the same group of phenomena; yet, experiments with the scales do not seem to need a special talent, while dowsing requires definite natural inclinations. A pendulum held in the hand swings, no matter what body gives off its alleged radiations: you can easily convince yourself that a ring suspended on a thread will swing above gold and silver, wood, or china in the same way, now in a circle, now in an ellipse.

I took part in a great many similar experiments and found that the composition of the matter has no influence upon the manner of the movement and that these movements are always transmitted by the hand holding the Siderian scales. All the pretty conclusions drawn from the differences in the movements are founded on illusions. I always succeeded in producing circular movements above a gold watch and elliptical movements above a silver watch—provided I knew what metal they were made of; nor did I feel that I was consciously influencing the pendulum.

I took several photographs and wrapped them in non-transparent paper, placing them under the pendulum. The swingings were more or less the same even if the photographs were of men and women, adults or babies. It was the same with jewelry in closed boxes; the movement of the Siderian scales were either circular or elliptical without any system or pattern. More often than not they began as circular movements and then slipped into elliptical patterns.

The similarity of the movements of the dowsing rod and

the pendulum points to the fact that even with the divining rod the movements originate in the hand holding it.

Do-It-Yourself

THE time has passed when people smiled at the dowser's craft and considered them as impractical dreamers or ridiculous enthusiasts. There is, of course, no reason to become involved with all the flights of imagination, all the foolish theories which the partisans of dowsing and Siderian scales indulge in. What could one say to the claim that the pendulum draws the same individual curves over the shadow of a man as over the man himself and that the swinging of the pendulum stops above the hearts of the photographs of dead persons? Perhaps it is a more serious claim that the Siderian scales can be helpful to diagnose diseases (though one must qualify this with many reservations), in finding lost objects, in examining forged documents—even in the history of art to establish the authorship of pictures and to prove forgeries. It is said that they have special importance in finding people buried alive and as primitive Geiger counters in tracing radioactive minerals with the help of good photographs.

But all this is apt to be much exaggerated and misused. Certainly divining rods and Siderian scales have the great advantage that you can experiment with them without cost or trouble; they can be produced by the simplest means and allow everybody (as the Viennese dowser Hans Falkinger and many others have proved) to practice, without laboratory training, the difficult art of objective observation.

There is a special attraction to following in your room or on walks, the interesting phenomena which these two primitive instruments are able to produce and to study forces of nature which were little discussed in school or college. Thus, without complex apparatus, without much esoteric knowledge one can easily enter the realm of new experiences and acquire honest satisfaction and true pleasure. All this dowsers have discovered and for this reason alone the divining rod and the Siderian scales are bound to survive even in our modern age.

Henry Gross dowsed flowing wells from New England to Africa; novelist Roberts reported, and fought with skeptical critics

THE KENNETH ROBERTS CRUSADE

Allan Angoff

KENNETH Roberts was a passionate and belligerent champion of water dowsing, particularly the water dowsing of his Maine neighbor Henry Gross, and he angrily braved the ridicule, embarrassment, and consternation of old friends and of devotees of his best-selling novels, including *Northwest Passage* (1937) and *Rabble in Arms* (1933), to affirm and re-affirm his belief in the reality of what he called "dowsing power." It is a power, he wrote, that may one day rank with electricity and atomic power. Narrow-minded scientists say that no rod ever dowsed anything, but so great a scientist as Charles Richet, 1917 Nobel Prize winner in medicine, believed in the power of the dowsing rod. So did Roberts' friend, Dr. Horace Levinson, long associated with him and Henry Gross in dowsing, a man who had studied at the Universities of Chicago and Paris, wrote learned papers on relativity and statistics, and headed a committee of the National Research Council in 1949.

As for those who disagreed, such as Professor O. E. Meinzer of the United States Geological Survey, who called water-divining "thoroughly discredited" witchery, Roberts charged them with gratuitously insulting some of the greatest scientists in the world. "This is entrenched ignorance grown to full flower . . . The man who sneers at the dowsing rod today would have scoffed, fifty years ago, at radio, television and jet planes . . . Not all the derision of all the geologists in the world can in any way alter the unfailing accuracy of the dowsing rod in Henry Gross's hands."

Roberts did more than write three books on water dowsing, lecture on it, appear on radio and television programs for it, travel long distances for the cause in the midst of a prodigiously industrious regimen; he actually formed, in partnership with Henry Gross, a corporation called Water Unlimited, whose chief purpose would be dowsing for water on a fee basis for all who requested the service. Even more astonishing, many individuals, companies, and others paid fees of $1000 or more for the services of Water Unlimited's dowser, Henry Gross. The School Board of Hollis, New Hampshire, for example, was planning to build a $95,000 school, but didn't dare go ahead with construction plans until it was certain there was a plentiful water supply nearby. Arthur Davis, who headed the board, then telephoned Kenneth Roberts at Kennebunkport, Me., for help, and was told to send a map of Hollis to Maine so that Henry Gross could dowse the school property long-distance with his rod *over the map* prior to stopping in Hollis a day later to confirm the findings.

Everything worked beautifully, says Roberts in his book, *The Seventh Sense*, with Henry on the spot only confirming what his rod had told him back in Kennebunkport over the Hollis map. And Mr. Davis wrote some weeks later, when digging operations were under way, that Henry had hit it "right on the nose." Today, according to Roberts, a plaque in the office of the principal of the Hollis school reads: "The water supply of this school flows from veins dowsed on a map in Kennebunkport by Henry Gross and Kenneth Roberts November 7, 1951, proved in Hollis, November 8, 1951."

Three Angry Books

THESE are only gleanings from the three angry books on water dowsing Kenneth Roberts wrote during the last years in his life: *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod,* 1951; *The Seventh Sense,* 1953; and *Water Unlimited,* published shortly after Roberts died at age 72 in 1957. They are the lively books of an impatient proselytizer, of a man who had found a new faith, a faith so patently true and undeniable that he was taken aback by the stupidity of those who refused to accept what may not be respectable science, but which certainly works.

"What is the reason for this grim determination on the part of geologists and professors not to investigate dowsing, even when they could do so with a dowser whose record is established beyond question? Why do they so abhorrently refuse to make use of the most accomplished of dowsers at a time when water resources committees all over the country . . . are perturbed by the ever-growing need for water? Why do so many stinkers campaign against dowsing in general and Henry Gross in particular? . . . This mysterious phenomenon, properly utilized, would prevent wars, move mountains, turn deserts into lands of plenty, feed the hungry, cure the sick and change the face of the world. Who knows how many dowsers of great ability lie fallow and undeveloped in schools and colleges? Who knows why such a precious fund of knowledge—such a great natural resource—should go untried and untapped?"

Such were some of the passions and fulminations of a man with amusingly and even refreshingly unorthodox opinions about such widely varied topics as Franklin D. Roosevelt, Henry Ford, and lecture tours. He was for a generation one of the best known, one of the most enormously successful writers in America. Millions read his historical novels about the colonial period in American history and *Oliver Wiswell, Lydia Bailey, Arundel, The Lively Lady, Captain Caution;* and many more saw some of these as movies. Shortly before he died, the Pulitzer Prize Committee cited him in a special award for bringing about through his novels a greater interest in American history. And he was financially successful as well.

Many critics felt his characters had little depth and that his novels revealed few profound insights into human behavior, but virtually all admired the man's meticulous methods of research and his obvious respect for facts and accuracy. His contemporaries in the literary Bohemias of New York, Chicago, Paris, Rome, were amusingly aghast at his antediluvian political and social ideas, and they understood that this colleague could never be a crony, but all respected him as a professional writing man of the highest calibre and in a great tradition.

Roberts was a Maine man all his life. He was born there in 1885 and he died there in 1957. He went to Cornell, he traveled a great deal, he worked on the Boston *Post* for ten years, he was a foreign correspondent for the *Saturday Evening Post* for many years, but Maine was always his home. And that northeast corner of America is perhaps symbolic of his aloofness from so many men and movements toward which writers frequently gravitate.

For the most part, Roberts' friends were other aloof men, such as Booth Tarkington, and Henry Gross the dowser, who was the game warden in nearby Biddeford, when Roberts first learned of him. The close friendship and business partnership of these two men, the rich, Cornell-educated, internationally famous novelist, with honorary doctorates from Dartmouth, Colby, and Middlebury, and the simple game warden who earned barely enough to live on and was frequently called on by New England folk to find water with a forked stick, makes an arresting and appealing story.

Roberts says that when he first heard of Henry Gross, fifteen other water dowsers had at different times located nine springs on his big Kennebunkport farm. These dowsers were pretty good, but you couldn't count on their consistent accuracy, which was why Roberts would dig only after three dowsers agreed on a spot beneath which their rods indicated veins of water. When Henry came along during the great forest fires of 1947, drought had all but dried up the one pond Roberts needed badly to fight the threatening fires. He had to have lots of water quickly and he said so to the game warden from Biddeford. He didn't

know then this rugged man of fifty-two was quite a water dowser in his own right, and pointedly told him that amateur dowsers had done pretty well on the Roberts farm up to now. "You may think this dowsing stuff is a lot of baloney, but I know it isn't." Henry accepted that in good grace, but remarked that some dowsers were better than others and that he—well, he had been dowsing since he was twelve years old.

The game warden then quickly cut a Y-shaped twig from the stump of a maple tree and said he would have to look around. He held the rod upright and began dowsing, turning down an invitation to lunch with the novelist. When Roberts returned from lunch a half hour later Henry was working with a speed that put to shame the amateur dowsers Roberts had used in the past. Henry told of finding veins of water here and there, but finally he stopped at a spot and said. "There's enough water under here to supply water for an entire town."

When Roberts wanted to know how deep the veins were, Henry said there was no way of telling. "By gorry, I wish there was! There's a lot, though, because I get a good pull, and this is the worst drought we've had for years." Henry was ultimately proved right, to the inch, and some days later the hole Henry had directed be dug was full right up to the brim, with 75,000 gallons of water, and that's the way it remained even during 1949 and 1950 when severe drought had dried up every other pond for miles around.

Man with a Mission

THAT was how the Roberts-Gross friendship began, and from that day on Roberts was less and less the novelist and more and more the man with a mission, telling people everywhere there was lots of water deep in the ground of America but that only the dowsers, the men and women with the forked sticks of maple and birch and peach or some other material, could find it quickly and rescue the nation from the great water emergency.

He told some remarkable stories about Henry Gross, and one of the most remarkable was the way Henry found out he could talk to his rod and get Yes and No answers as well as that strong

pull which indicated flowing water below. It happened one night after Henry had been worrying many days about the amount of water in a vein under his own house. In desperation, reports Roberts in *Henry Gross and His Dowsing Rod,* Henry seized his rod, poised it over the vein and asked, "How many quarts are flowing in this vein at the present time?" He then addressed this question to his rod, "Is there a quart a minute flowing at the present time?" The rod dipped, says Roberts, and that meant Yes. Henry put another question to the rod, "Are there two quarts?" Again the rod dipped. It also dipped when questioned about three quarts.

When it didn't dip at four quarts, Henry asked if there were three and a half quarts going through, and when he got another Yes, he followed up with three and three-quarters, but the rod was motionless, which meant about three and a half quarts was going through the vein at that moment. Roberts concludes his account of Henry's skill by remarking that Henry was able to get the correct answer when he asked if the water was fit to drink.

Henry worked chiefly on water, but he could dowse for gold watches and brooches wherever they might be hidden or lost and he could dowse for Scotch whiskey, rye whiskey, brandy or gin. With liquor he had only to touch the tip of his rod to the type he wanted to dowse, to gin, for example, and after that he could identify with his rod unmarked and sealed bottles of gin. Roberts himself was a little puzzled when Henry showed he did not even have to touch the tip of his rod to the liquor, that he had only to tap the glass of an unopened and unlabeled botle of gin and thereafter go dowsing successfully for other gin. But Roberts' recalled that emanations from the north pole can pass through all substances and move the needle of a compass.

The Hollis, New Hampshire, feat of dowsing long-distance was one of Henry's less spectacular achievements of working over a map from the Roberts farm in Maine. He could dowse from that farm, with the proper map, any place in the world, and, according to Roberts, he was successful in Hamilton, Bermuda; in Fredericksburg, Texas; and Abakaliki, Eastern Nigeria, Africa!

The bishop of the Diocese of Eastern Nigeria was so grateful for the water found for him in Maine by a man hunched over a map with a dowsing rod in his hand that he prepared the following text to be carved on a plaque for the Sisters' Home and Leprosy Settlement there: "The water found at the Leprosy Settlement Abakaliki, E. Nigeria, W. Africa, is the free gift of Henry Gross and his dowsing rod and his company, Water Unlimited, Inc., to the lepers of Abakaliki and all who coming after them are compelled to walk alone and apart from clean folk . . . The Doctors, Sisters and patients send thanks for their well dowsed in Kennebunkport, Maine, on Christmas Day, 1956."

"Harmless Folklore"

GEOLOGISTS and water engineers ignored these claims as ancient superstition or harmless folklore, but to Kenneth Roberts those scientific men were the ignorant ones and he grasped every opportunity to dispel that ignorance. In 1948 he therefore invited Dr. Gardner Murphy, Laura Dale, Professor R. A. McConnell, a physicist, Dr. J. L. Woodruff, all of the American Society for Psychical Research; Tom Prideaux, an editor of *Life* Magazine; Joseph Trefethen, geologist for the State of Maine, and others to conduct some dowsing tests with Henry Gross and another male dowser, and two women who had only recently discovered their dowsing abilities. The Dean of the University of Maine Engineering Department was invited to observe the tests.

The dowsers didn't do well at all. Roberts protested they were tested for the wrong skills, that the examiners didn't bother to find out why some dowsers were accurate in finding iron veins, while Henry Gross worked chiefly with water and only with iron if he really wanted to. Roberts was also disappointed in Gardner Murphy, describing him as "bleakly non-committal," and summed up the events on his farm that August day as follows: "I have no hesitation in saying that this so-called scientific inquiry was one of the greatest busts since Lillian Russell held Broadway spellbound."

But Dr. Murphy and his colleagues of the A.S.P.R. maintained their interest in water dowsing and a year later conduct-

ed important tests independently in Liberty, Maine. Those taking part in addition to Murphy were Laura Dale, R. M. Greene, W. Miles, J. M. Trefethen, and Montague Ullman. The problem, these investigators stated in their excellent article on the tests in the January 1951 issue of the *Journal* of A.S.P.R., is: "Can water diviners find water under conditions in which the professional geologist is unable to do so?" They emphasized they did not plan to evaluate the evidence for or against water diviners or the conclusions of their own investigators. "Our small study," they said, "is based on a very limited objective and we should not wish to be interpreted as believing we have contributed any findings which radically change the overall research situation."

The group advertised for diviners in four Maine newspapers, received replies from 130, interviewed as many as later presented themselves, finally selected twenty-two men, four women, and one adolescent girl, all of whom, incidentally, were paid twelve dollars per day and traveling expenses for submitting to the tests. Each diviner was given adequate time to dowse for water with a blindfold and without a blindfold and with dowsing rods of his own choosing. Motion pictures were made of each diviner at work. After each test a team of geologists and water engineers under the direction of Professor Trefethen located the points and specified and plotted them on a map. Trefethen and Murphy also worked the next day, overseeing pumping operations, driving of pipe and related activity, comparing results achieved by the experts with those of the diviners.

Despite the modesty of Murphy and his colleagues, this can certainly be called one of the most meticulously fair and objectively scientific studies of water dowsing carried out in recent years. "We draw no conclusion about divining in general," they reported. "We made no direct observation on the problem of 'what activates the stick.'" But in most cases, the observers felt entirely certain that the diviner's muscles were turning the stick down, despite the fact that other muscles were opposing this movement. "We saw nothing to challenge the prevailing view that we are dealing with unconscious muscular activity, or what Frederic

Myers called 'motor automatism' . . . There was a direct comparison between experts and diviners, and the particular group of diviners which took part in this project was notably inferior to the experts in the matter of water depth and rate of flow . . . But two major issues remain open: (1) Does water divining ever occur by virtue of a paranormal process? and (2) Is the motion of the stick invariably the result of the diviner's own muscular contractions? . . . Far more research is needed before they can be answered."

Roberts and Rhine

IT was inevitable that Roberts would try to enlist the aid of Dr. J. B. Rhine of the Duke University Parapsychology Laboratory in the cause of dowsing. He had read Rhine's pioneer work, *The Reach of the Mind,* and was impressed by his daring approach to the problems of human personality and his almost poetic suggestion of the vast potential of the unexplored reaches of the human brain. Roberts thereupon consulted his friend and colleague, Dr. Horace Levinson, another man who stood in awe of Henry Gross's dowsing powers, and Levinson suggested they invite Rhine to come to Maine and see Henry at work.

The novelist in characteristic fashion phoned Rhine at Duke that very night and told him Henry was a man he must see for himself. Rhine responded cautiously, reports Roberts, and suggested in that first telephone conversation that Henry's subconscious muscular reactions were perhaps very highly developed. But he came up nevertheless, and even the testy Roberts confessed Rhine "proved to be a most enjoyable gentleman from whose laboratory at Duke may easily come knowledge that will astound and enrich the world."

But the enjoyable and charming gentleman, who arrived October 25, 1949, and wanted to get started on tests that night after dinner, remained a skeptic and quite unconvinced of Henry Gross's powers. Rhine had his own tests for Henry, such as having Henry indicate with his rod when water ran through or did not run through a pipe under a springhouse on the farm while Roberts and Levinson in the kitchen turned a faucet on or off on hand signals from Rhine, who

vas outside with Gross. Henry cored badly on these and other Rhine tests, as much as eighty er cent wrong, but Roberts had quick answer for this, pointing ut that Henry was good at dis-overing natural water or water owing continuously through a ipe in one direction only. But Henry's rod just wouldn't work vhen the water flowed intermit-ently because of a faucet being urned on and off.

In the end, the disappointed Roberts concluded Rhine was rying to relate extra-sensory per-eption and water divining and ould not because divining dif-ers greatly and "it is a special aculty having to do with vater. . ." Rhine visited Kenne-unkport again, but despite other ests and observations went away onvinced that Henry Gross's skill ame from involuntary muscular ction.

A New York water engineer, Thomas Riddick, incurred Ro-erts' ire because he said accept-nce of the novelist's beliefs necessitates a complete disre-ard of the basic principles of ydraulics, hydrology, meteorol-gy, physics, thermodynamics, nd geology, and even the fun-amental laws of gravitation." Most people with a modest background in the basic sciences would consider Mr. Riddick's comments quite reasonable. And the investigations of Dr. Gardner Murphy and Dr. J. B. Rhine and their colleagues, who have applied standards and tests which go well beyond the frontiers of orthodox science, also indicate that at this date the case for dowsing must still be proved.

But dowsing persists, and with unabated vigor. Professor Evon C. Vogt of the University of Chicago and Dr. Ray Hyman of the General Electric Company, New York, in their new book, *Water Witching U.S.A.* (University of Chicago Press, 1959), say there are 25,000 dowsers in the United States and that they carry on in every state. They are honest and benign men, Vogt and Hyman concluded after an exhaustive study. Many dowsers, they found, don't accept any fee and some of them say they would lose their divining power if they accepted payment for their services. Some do charge as much as fifty dollars and a few have charged much more, but most dowsers obviously don't hope to get rich with their skill. They do their dowsing part-time and earn most

of their income from regular and more prosaic employment. It must be pointed out here that Water Unlimited was not a profitable undertaking, certainly not for Roberts, who was one of the highest paid fiction writers in America when he was spending so much time on dowsing problems and away from his writing desk, and not even for Henry Gross, who did only reasonably well at best and sometimes received pathetically little or nothing after long hours of travel and working in bad weather.

"At War With Life . . ."

THESE dowsing men obviously obtain a satisfaction from dowsing, from helping people find precious water, that no fees could produce. They are an ancient and not unattractive part of the American scene and of civilization itself. Modern dowsing goes back four hundred years to its origins in Germany, but the Netherlands geologist, S. W. Tromp, says there were dowsers seven thousand years ago.

Dowsing is somehow a defiant answer to the complexities of modern science.

When viewed in that light, the antics of Kenneth Roberts, once described by a *New York Times* reviewer as "a man perpetually at war with life and the world," takes on new meaning and the belligerent novelist himself becomes a warmer figure. Even Mr. Riddick, who damns dowsing as witchcraft which is an affront to the fundamental laws of nature and mechanics, does grant in a softer and more philosophic mood, "In an age of skepticism when man's security seems at its lowest ebb, with national budgets dangerously swollen to supply the needs of war, with groups of nations pitted against groups of nations, the simple creed 'I believe' is refreshing—even if applied to dowsing."

Let the tests continue, as they must, and let the scientists continue to study the phenomenon of dowsing. Let the poets observe it too. In the meantime, the story of the friendship of the celebrated novelist Kenneth Roberts and the good New Englander Henry Gross, and how they roamed the world, on planes, on foot, over maps with a dowsing rod, is an appealing story that may become part of American folklore and may even outlive the novels which made Roberts famous when he lived.

It is important that the dowser have faith in his instrument, as the phenomenon is obviously not a physical but a mental act

MIND, THE DIVINER

Lucian Landau

DOWSING is an ancient art. It can be very broadly defined as acquiring knowledge without the use of our senses and without the intervention of reason. Often such knowledge would be difficult, and sometimes extremely difficult, to gain by other means.

Let us examine briefly mechanics of the two most commonly used methods of dowsing. The mental opening is the same in each case: the dowser asks the question to which he is seeking an answer. For example: Is there oil in this area? Is this water fresh? Are these mushrooms good for me?, and so on.

It can be almost any question, but normally it will be one to which the dowser knows from experience that he can get a reliable answer. Sometimes the question will not be addressed to anyone or anything in particular, but not infrequently it will be directed to the dowser's favorite instrument, which he will then consult. If this instrument is a forked divining rod, he will hold it in such a way

(Excerpted from "Mind—the Diviner," Journal of the British Society of Dowsers, Vol. XIV, No. 98.)

that it will behave somewhat like a snap-action toggle switch, precariously balanced in its neutral position. When the rod is held in this manner, a very slight movement of even one hand will cause it to swing suddenly, usually in the downward direction.

Make no mistake about it; this movement is produced entirely by the elastic recovery of the rod held under tension. The contribution of the dowser consists of holding the rod in this way, and of slightly altering or relaxing his grip at the right moment. This last action is entirely involuntary, and so he is under the impression that the rod moves of its own volition. We often hear dowsers speaking about "the pull on the rod," which in fact means simply that their hold on the rod is weakening, without their being aware of it.

The use of the forked rod requires a fair degree of skill, and can be rather tiring. This is one of the reasons why some dowsers prefer to use a pendulum.

The Pendulum in Motion

THE pendulum, as used for dowsing, can consist of almost any kind of light weight attached to the end of a cord, a thread, or a thin chain. Often we see a dowsing pendulum beautifully fashioned out of a costly material, such as ivory, suspended on a pure silk cord or a silver chain. Some people will argue that such a pendulum cannot really be any better than, for example, a sausage tied to a piece of string. But those familiar with mental phenomena related to mediumship will appreciate that the average dowser must like his instrument, and acquire a kind of faith in it, in order to obtain the best results. These requirements account for the various fancy designs that will be seen occasionally of dowsing devices.

To set a pendulum in motion, it is necessary to move its bob from the position it occupies when at rest. The dowser achieves the same effect by moving its point of suspension. Once the pendulum is moving, only a very tiny input of energy is needed to keep it in motion, but it must take the form of impulses applied at the right points of swing and at the natural frequency of the pendulum, this frequency being inversely proportional to the square root of the pendulum's length.

This sounds much more complicated than it is, for, just as in the case of a clock, the pendulum itself releases at the right moments the impulses that keep it going, so in the case of the dowser the rhythmic pull of the pendulum indicates to that part of his mind that does the dowsing, when to apply the impulse. Those dowsers not sensitive enough to feel the pull of the pendulum are guided by sight only. (Some extraordinary hypotheses have been put forward to explain why, when they close their eyes, their pendulums stop moving.)

A dowsing pendulum is capable of swinging in various directions, and of gyrating clockwise and anti-clockwise. Also, according to the length of the cord used, its frequency will vary, as already described. These movements form the basis of a code, sometimes childishly simple, not infrequently highly elaborate, but never more than a code, enabling the unconscious mind of the dowser to convey information to his consciousness. Even a superficial examination by an experienced investigator of the technique of a number of dowsers using pendulums will clearly show that the process bears the unmistakable stamp of being a purely *mental phenomenon.*

Sample Gold Coin

LET us consider a simple example of a dowser looking for a gold coin buried in a certain field. He will have with him his favorite dowsing device, and probably also a "sample," such as another gold coin. Most dowsers need such a tangible "directive," although some find it sufficient to hold a clear mental picture of whatever they are trying to find. Our dowser, armed with these two aids, the dowsing device and sample, will obtain his direction from what he will call the "pull" of his rod, or from the swing of his pendulum, and will continue to walk slowly until he gets the unmistakable reaction: the sudden swing of the rod, or the characteristic movement of the pendulum. He will have found the coin. Now, what is the most likely explanation of what has taken place? In this process, the sample is no more than a simple directive telling the unconscious mind what is required. It has no other significance whatever.

The placing of it in a particular location, for example inside the pendulum, or in the left hand of the dowser, is just an individual habit and no more. If, without the dowser's knowledge, such a sample is removed, or replaced by an entirely different one, it will not in any way affect his dowsing ability. So long as his habit of placing the correct sample in the usual place has been followed, all will be well, for his unconscious mind has received its instructions.

Not Radiation, But Mind

IT is frequently assumed that in the dowsing process the human body constitutes a kind of a "detector," but this definition calls for a careful examination. The use of a well-known term tends to give an impression of being in itself an explanation, and in this case we must remember that all detectors are fundamentally means of acquiring knowledge, so we are back to our original definition of dowsing. As a rule, the purpose of a detector is to provide a visual or an audible indication of a change that our five senses cannot directly apprehend. The action of certain detectors is surprisingly indirect, the causal chain involved being partly of an invisible character. When acting as a detector, the dowser's body would constitute an apparatus of a complex kind, his muscular movements, made apparent by a magnifying device, such as a forked rod or a pendulum, being the last stage of a sequence of reactions not satisfactorily understood.

Two theories are put forward: one suggests that dowsing is a purely mental phenomenon, the muscular reaction of the dowser being the result of cerebral activity, and the other regards the muscular movement as a reflex response to external energy stimulation. This latter hypothesis assumes that there exists in nature a subtle kind of radiation, emitted by all forms of matter and possessing definite characteristics of the emitter. According to this hypothesis, these characteristics enable the dowser to distinguish between water, oil, gold, etc.

The hypothesis of universal radiation is attractive in this modern age, but, although it so neatly explains many of the dowsing phenomena, I fear that it cannot be confirmed. We have

no physical instruments that can detect this alleged radiation, and the claim that the dowser can, nevertheless, detect it and identify it is not convincing, as the human nervous system is notoriously insensitive to most frequencies. Also, the muscular reactions of a dowser at work do not in any way resemble the reflex reaction caused by an external energy impact. Finally, the phenomenon of highly successful map dowsing seems fatal to the radiation hypothesis; oil, thousands of feet under the surface of the earth, cannot possibly cause radiation to emanate from a map of the area, even if this were not hundreds of miles away from the site, as frequently is the case.

The hypothesis that dowsing is an entirely mental phenomenon is much easier to accept. The imperceptible, but deliberate and persistent movements of the hand holding a pendulum, look much more like the result of mental activity than of an uncontrolled nervous reflex reaction. The fact that the pendulum can produce various patterns of gyration and swings, patterns possessing definite significance, but different for many operators, again indicates that the process is of a mental origin, with an intelligence behind it.

Comparative tests, conducted with dowsers and clairvoyants, showed that both were about equally successful in locating underground water streams. This, I think, is significant, and it suggests to me that both processes, psi (extra-sensory perception) and dowsing, have something in common, and psi is known to be a mental faculty. Again, map dowsing bears a certain resemblance to psychometry, and the technique of holding a sample of the material looked for, will not appear strange to a psychical researcher.

The procedure of exploring, with the aid of a mind, things pertaining to mind is not very satisfactory. Even terminology leaves quite a lot to be desired. We use the expressions "Conscious Mind" and "Unconscious Mind," although the structure of the mind is obviously far more complex than that. So when I refer to the working of the Unconscious Mind, I mean that mental activity of which the subject is unaware, or substantially unaware, at the time when it is taking place.

Dowser and Medium

HAVING agreed that the process is a mental one, we must now add that it is the work of the unconscious mind, for the dowser has no conscious knowledge of the precise location of the coin, neither could he have found it by the process of ratiocination. The part played by the forked rod, or the pendulum, will be most easily understood by those who have studied mediumship, which, in its simple form, comprises an acquisition of knowledge by the unconscious mind, this knowledge being subsequently channeled into consciousness.

There is an important point that we must not overlook: in the normal communication between the conscious and the unconscious minds, the initiative is always with the consciousness. In mediumship the difficulty arises because the unconscious mind is asked to take the initiative and to send forth some information. When this filters into consciousness, it is frequently not recognized as such, for the normal conscious mind is not trained to accept as factual, anything coming via the memory path, that it cannot identify as familiar. Reason, that notorious saboteur of mediumship, will immediately label such information as "imagination" or "nonsense."

Our dowser, looking for the buried coin, exercises mental mediumship of a simple kind. He does not have to convey names, emotions, or complex messages. He merely allows his unconscious mind to act on his hands, through his nervous system, in such a manner, that he himself is not consciously aware of the movements so produced, and only by using his simple magnifying devices can he clearly see that they occur.

Now, let us consider the same dowser, again trying to find a buried coin but this time working over a map of a suitable scale instead of the actual field itself Following his usual technique, he should be equally successful in pinpointing the spot on the map, and it will make no difference whether he is working near the field, or hundreds of miles away. We can thus see that this seemingly extraordinary ability of his unconscious mind to acquire knowledge about the location of the buried coin is not affected by the physical distance apparently involved.

Tricks of the Senses

WE may well ask: what is the nature of this curious faculty of gathering knowledge, not apparently bound by time and space, that enables us to locate things in space, even by such indirect means as maps?

I suggest, with little fear of contradiction, that we shall never find the complete answer to this question. Even if we accidentally did find it, we would have no means of knowing that it was correct. Apparently, our unconscious mind has a way of finding things out in a very direct way, without the use of our physical organs of perception, and without the limitations that their use would normally impose.

Let us consider first the so-called normal means of gaining knowledge. The most important of these depends on the correct interpretation of sensory impressions, of which visual impressions are, no doubt, of the greatest value. Thus I know of the existence of a stream when I see it, and I can confirm this impression by listening to the sound of flowing water. I can further ascertain by touch that it is indeed a liquid that forms the appearance and the sound of the stream, and by taste and smell that the liquid is water.

In this case I am fortunate in being able to employ all my sense organs in the process of arriving at a definite conclusion. Often this cannot be done, and we have to rely on but some of our senses. It is then that we find how unreliable they can be.

I may, for instance, hear the sound that my mind associates with a motorcycle. I look out of the window and see my neighbor cutting his lawn with a motor mower. I am given a beautiful flower, which, upon touching it, is revealed as an artificial one. You can buy floral perfumes which have never seen a growing plant, and every grocer will supply most realistic flavoring essences, especially prepared to deceive our sense of taste. These examples illustrate the mind's inability at times to interpret correctly incomplete sense data.

Similar errors can result from inaccurate perception. Thus the eye may fail to resolve the shape of a very small object. We may not be able to tell whether a train, a mile away, is stationary, or is moving towards us. Weak sounds, like weak smells, can give rise to confusion.

Instinct or Intuition?

IN establishing material facts we rely to a very great extent on our sense impressions, but we must not forget that they do not in themselves constitute knowledge. They merely trigger off within our memory records of knowledge already possessed, building up an association in our narrow field of consciousness: we see a glistening patch at the edge of a meadow, the memory of the appearance of water becomes stimulated: "Yes," we say, "there is water."

In this, the usual process, we are actually aware of the sense data received, even before the memory response arrives. But this is not the only way in which our minds can work. I mentioned earlier that, when a weak sense impression is received, and we are aware of it, often the wrong memory record becomes stimulated. Recently experiments have been carried out with sense impressions too weak to be perceived as such by the conscious minds of the subjects. In these experiments, use was made of visual stimuli of extremely short duration, and sounds of very low intensity. Notwithstanding some adverse criticism, it does appear that in many cases these stimuli produced the correct memory responses. Thus two questions may be asked: is conscious knowledge of a sense impression necessary for producing the correct memory reaction, and, in the case of subliminal stimuli, are we really dealing with sense perception?

It seems to me that the answer to the first question is in the affirmative, for a sense impression, too weak to be clearly recognized, will prompt a haphazard guess. But in the case of the experiments just mentioned, it does not seem unreasonable to suggest that the mechanism of perception did not include sense organs. In saying this, I do not suggest that we were dealing with telepathic phenomena, in other words, that the subjects were somehow reading all the thoughts of the experimenters. This could have occurred, but it seems very unlikely that the minds of the subjects, who in these cases were unaware of any experiments being conducted, were in such close contact with the minds of the experimenters as to bring about telepathic communication. Such knowledge as we have of telepathy does not support this possibility.

Just look around us—a pigeon will unerringly find his way home, often from a very great distance; a dog will know you are approaching, long before he can see, hear or smell you; wild animals find water in the dry desert; vultures know when death is about to strike. These, and many other feats of primitive minds are not the outcome of sense perception. They are not to be dismissed as instinct, that mysterious skill which is inherited. They are direct perceptions of truth; intuition, if you like that term.

If primitive minds are capable of such accomplishments, we can surely expect far greater things from the highly developed mind of the human species. Thus, we may confidently place the ancient and elusive art of dowsing among the greater abilities of the human mind.

Dowsing and advanced mediumship are not arts, but they are more akin to art than to science. So, just as we tolerate the idiosyncrasies of artists, we must cultivate a benevolent respect for the seemingly indefensible ideas held by many dowsers, for, if we insisted on every dowser having no illusions about his work, we would find ourselves with precious few dowsers left.

Though I suspect that we shall never find a complete explanation for the dowser's ability, our progress in understanding its source will be of inestimable value to the human race.

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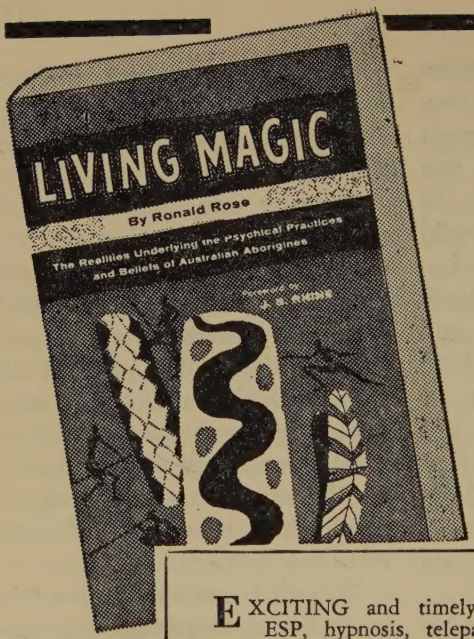

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The ordeal by the Bible and key has been much used on the farms vhen a thief is suspected. The Book is suspended by a key tied in with ts wards between the leaves and supported by the fingers of two per- ons. Suspect names are then called out, and the whole turns around vhen the guilty one is named.

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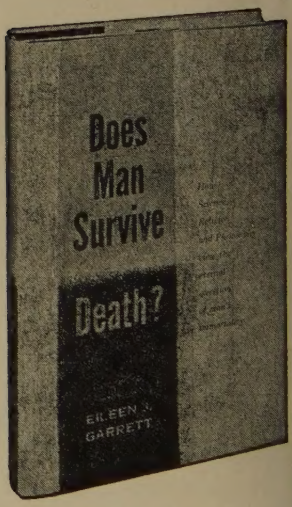

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